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**"CONSIDERED AS LOST": THE FRENCH AIR-SHIP "DIXMUDE" (A SURRENDERED ZEPPELIN) IN FLIGHT
AFTER LEAVING HER HANGAR AT TOULON.**

Ever since Christmas Eve, when the news of her peril was first made known in this country, the public has followed with sympathetic anxiety the gradually unfolded story of the "Dixmude" and her disastrous voyage. At the moment of writing there is still no definite news of the vessel, but the discovery of the body of her commander, Naval Lieutenant du Plessis de Grenedau, in the sea off the Sicilian coast (announced on December 28) unhappily left no doubt that a disaster

of some sort had occurred. On December 30 it was stated that the French Naval and Aeronautical authorities had abandoned all hope of the air-ship's safety, and an official "communiqué" from the Ministry of Marine declared that she "must now be considered as lost." It is possible that, by the time these lines appear, the mystery of the "Dixmude's" fate may have been solved. Further photographs and details are given on page 3.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE name of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is of national importance at the moment, in connection with high problems of State that need not be debated here. But the name recalls to me an interesting controversy in which it figured prominently a little while ago, in the form of some articles in a popular magazine. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, I remember, contributed an article called "Why Socialism Must Come." Sir Alfred Mond also contributed an article called, "Why Socialism Must Fail." I found myself in a condition of almost equal hostility to both of them, for a great many reasons, but above all for the reason that is implied in the very terms of the title. The one formula they both agree upon is the one formula with which I flatly disagree. I flatly disagree with it because it is a formula of fatalism. Both these social thinkers can only think in terms of something that must come or that must fail. But the only kind of Socialist I sympathise with is one who believes in Socialism whether it comes or not. And the only kind of Anti-Socialist I sympathise with is one who detests Socialism whether it succeeds or not.

But, as a matter of fact, there was in both commentaries a curious air of unreality. Sir Alfred Mond, in particular, indulged in a train of thought which seems to me not only unreal, but, as it were, unearthly. There is something wild and weird and even creepy about it, like the logical inversions of "Alice in Wonderland," and the hill compared with which this would be a valley. He quoted some Labour Member who had described the contrasts of luxury and poverty to be seen in modern life—especially, I think, the spectacle of the luxury of Ascot. To this Sir Alfred Mond answered, in effect, that this only showed the Labour Member's ignorance of financial and commercial details. For if you looked at the ledgers and analysed the dividends, and so on, it would be found that the rich really got very little out of it, and there was only a very small margin of difference. This is what I call unreality of the spectral or blood-curdling kind: A man goes to a race-course and sees a number of other men smoking large Corona cigars, drinking champagne, arriving in Rolls-Royce motors, and so on, when he knows that other men can hardly buy a pot of beer or a pipeful of tobacco or pay for a seat in a crowded tram. In wandering about the race-course he meets with a smiling gentleman named Mond, who takes out a little piece of paper and does a little sum. After this the first man is completely convinced that he has *not* seen anybody smoking a large cigar, that he has *not* experienced any such thing as the existence of champagne, that the Rolls-Royce car was a dream and a delusion like the chariot of Queen Mab.

This is all very interesting, but I should hesitate to call it realistic. When people say there is a contrast between luxury and poverty, they mean that some people do, in fact, get the Rolls-Royce cars and the Coronas, and others don't. They mean that one man does in fact have a certain cigar stuck in his mouth, when the other man cannot pay for a pinch of tobacco. To suppose that you can disprove this fact with figures is a notion out of fairyland. To suppose that a numerical calculation can conjure the cigar out of the man's mouth, and make us believe that half of it is really in the other man's mouth, is a conception that does credit to Sir Alfred Mond's fancy and poetic imagination; but it is lacking in plain, practical good sense. The problem of the economic tragedy is concerned with the effect, not with the process. It is a tragedy of the consumer, not of the middle-man. And the tragedy of the consumer is that for some reason or other he cannot get anything to consume. What the middle-man may do with his mathematical calculation, about the allotment of wealth, does not affect this fact in the least. The rich man

gets the champagne—that is, our social system allows him to get it. Perhaps he gets it without paying for it; in that case our social system allows him to get it without paying for it. There is doubtless something really to be said for Sir Alfred's Mond social system; there is, in my view, even more to be said against Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's social system. But to talk as if we could juggle away the tragedy of our time by a manipulation of arithmetic is thoroughly bad economics as well as thoroughly bad ethics. It is an attempt to make book-keeping a substitute for house-keeping. In short, it is an offer to cook the accounts instead of cooking the dinner. But in the Socialist case there is the same note of unreality. In Mr. Macdonald's style, as in Mr.

shown rather a reaction against Socialist thought. Fascism is more recent than Bolshevism. Guild Socialism is more recent than State Socialism. What has been called Distributism—the doctrine of a more general enjoyment of private property in the means of production—is, so far as modern England is concerned, an even later development. And in maintaining it, as I have often maintained it in these columns, I have really found something of the difficulty Mr. Macdonald mentions—the difficulty of maintaining something still unfamiliar and largely misunderstood. But the Socialist theory need no longer be misunderstood, except by the people who misunderstand everything, old or new. The Socialist theory could be grasped by anybody of normal intelligence, long ago in the later days of William Morris or the earlier days of Bernard Shaw. I myself in those days understood it well enough to believe in it. It is true that I afterwards understood it a little better and began to disbelieve in it.

A Special Notice to our Readers.

IT will be remembered that some time ago we announced to our readers that *The Illustrated London News* had acquired the SOLE COLOUR RIGHTS of everything appertaining to the Tomb of Tutankhamen and the wonderful treasures of Egyptian Art found therein.

On Nov. 10 we published the first of the series of reproductions from Natural-Colour Photographs of these examples of Egyptian Art at its zenith.

Since then, owing to the great heat experienced by Mr. Howard Carter in Egypt, which has rendered the taking of autochromes very difficult, there has been a delay in the despatch of these colour photographs; but we are happy to inform our readers that we have now received some wonderful representations of the contents of the Tomb, and have been notified that a further consignment is on its way to us.

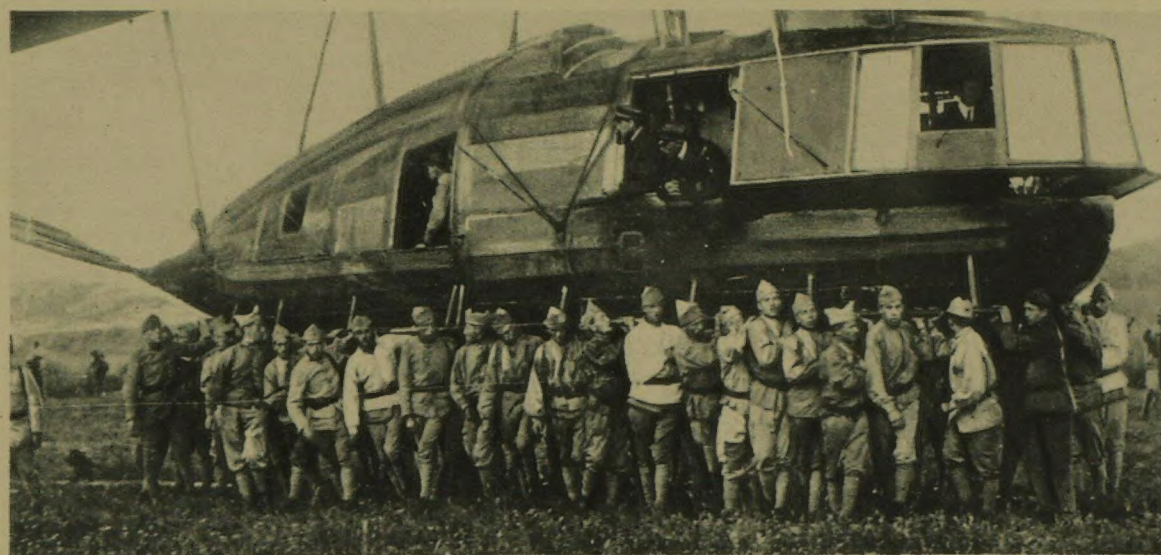
We consider it advisable, therefore, that all who are interested in our colour reproductions of Tutankhamen's treasures should take due precautions to ensure that they shall receive *The Illustrated London News* regularly, preferably by taking out a subscription, either from their newsagents or directly from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand—the price of a subscription being £2 18s. 9d. (including Christmas Number). It is impossible to give the exact dates of publication in advance, owing to the necessity for the careful preparation of the colour blocks, which have to be revised many times, until the exact colouring is achieved, but we can promise our readers that very shortly a most valuable and beautiful series, of the utmost interest from the archæological as well as from the artistic point of view, will be given in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*.

Macdonald's appearance, there is always a certain natural distinction, if it is rather of a dry sort; but what is dried up in him here is the same sort of human reality. It is expressed in the title, which is stiff with that economic fatalism that we cannot entirely trace to the tradition of Scottish Calvinism. Now it is generally true of fatalist history that it is false history. He for whom human action is fixed in grooves gets into a groove himself, and expects old things to happen when new things are already happening. I call it unreal, for instance, when Mr. Ramsay Macdonald says that Socialism suffers from the difficulty which men have in understanding or accepting anything like a new idea. Of course, there are some men who seem to have a difficulty in understanding any ideas, especially their own ideas. Their notions are not so much hampered by being too new to grasp as by being too old to grasp, for they have taken them for granted too long to have ever thought of taking them seriously. But, as notions go, Socialism is not a particularly fresh or unfamiliar idea. And if it were our duty to value it for its novelty, it would be necessary to value much more highly many ideas that are much more novel. As a matter of fact, the most recent thought has

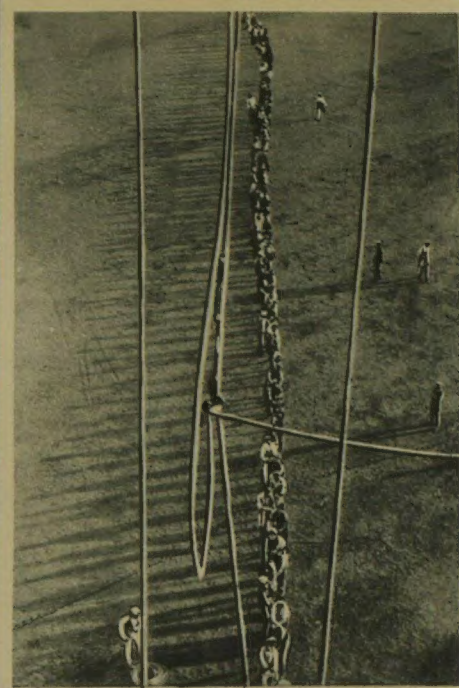
If it came to a competition in novelty, I could very well maintain that in modern England at least my Distributism is much newer than Mr. Macdonald's Collectivism. But I do not propose to depend on this tricky and meaningless argument. Distributism is right, not because it is in this sense new, but because it is in a very different sense fresh. It is fresh as only very ancient things are fresh. It is as fresh as spring or childhood or the challenge of youth to life; it is fresh because it is old, because it is a romance that recurs. It is normal to man to possess. He may go without possessions because he is a saint or he may be robbed of his possessions by a bandit because a man may lose his hand for the sake of the kingdom of heaven or have it cut off by torturers of the kingdom of hell. But while he has a hand, his hand is meant to hold something; not much, but something; not somebody else's, but his own. It is because this sense of property is primary and not artificial that the whole philosophy of communism is fundamentally false. What is the matter with capitalism is not that the hand thus grasping something is an individual hand, but that it is an isolated hand. In other words, it is not that it is a full hand, but that it leaves so many hands empty. And the one thing common both to Mr. Macdonald and Sir Alfred Mond is that neither has the most shadowy idea of the nature of property.

BLOWN OVER DESERT AND SEA: THE "DIXMUDE."

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY C.N.



WITH SOME OF THE OFFICERS AND OTHERS OF THE AIR-SHIP'S COMPANY LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOWS: ONE OF THE SEVEN GONDOLAS OF THE "DIXMUDE," WITH GROUND MEN HOLDING ON.



NEEDING 300 OR 400 MEN TO HAUL THE GUY-ROPE: A LANDING OF THE "DIXMUDE"—THE GROUND STAFF SEEN FROM THE AIR-SHIP.



SINCE LOST WITH FIFTY-TWO ON BOARD: THE "DIXMUDE" IN HER HANGAR ON OCTOBER 1, AFTER HER RETURN FROM A RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT, WITH HER CAPTAIN (WHOSE BODY HAS BEEN PICKED UP AT SEA). OTHER OFFICERS, AND CREW GROUPED BELOW.

The French air-ship "Dixmude" (the surrendered German Zeppelin "L72") left her hangar at Cuers-Pierrefeu, near Toulon, on December 18, for a trip to Algeria and the border of the Sahara Desert. The officers were Naval Lieutenants Du Plessis de Grenedau (in command), Roustau, Marcaggi, and Bourdier, with a crew of thirty-eight, and ten passengers, including Naval Captains Yvon (Assistant Director of Aviation at the Ministry of Marine) and Hennique (commanding at Cuers-Pierrefeu). After some days, wireless messages from the air-ship, and other information, caused grave anxiety for her safety, and there were many conflicting reports—some that she had been blown by storms inland over the Sahara, and others, out to sea. On December 28, news came that the commander's body had

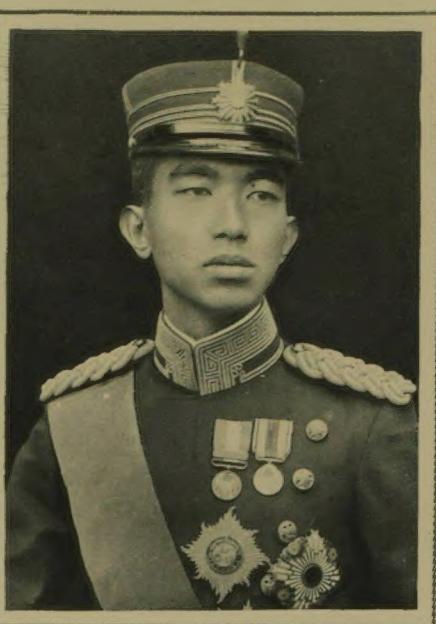
been picked up at sea by fishermen six miles off Sciacca, near Girgenti, on the south coast of Sicily. Still the fate of the air-ship herself remained uncertain; but an official "communiqué" of December 30 stated that she must be "considered as lost." Messages of sympathy were sent to France by the King, Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard. The "Dixmude," which was the largest rigid dirigible France possessed, was 226 metres (about 735 ft.) long, and had seven cars, one of the first two being the commander's cabin. Five in the rear each contained a 260-h.p. Maybach engine. Last September the "Dixmude" beat the world's record by remaining in the air for 118 hours 41 minutes. A photograph of her in flight is on our front page.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, BASSANO, MAULL AND FOX, SWAINE, LAFAYETTE, TOPICAL, L.N.A., BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, PHOTOPRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



NEW BRITISH AM-
BASSADOR TO THE
UNITED STATES:
SIR ESMÉ HOWARD.



RECENTLY SHOT AT IN TOKIO, BUT UN-
HURT: THE PRINCE REGENT OF JAPAN



ON A NEW REPARA-
TIONS COMMITTEE:
SIR ROBERT
KINDERSLEY.

RESIGNED: SIR AUCK-
LAND GEDDES, BRITISH
AMBASSADOR IN WASH-
INGTON.



ON A NEW REPARA-
TIONS COMMITTEE:
MR. REGINALD
McKENNA.



NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO
SPAIN: SIR HORACE RUMBOLD.



ON A NEW REPARATIONS COM-
MITTEE: SIR JOSIAH STAMP.



NEW AIR COMMANDER IN IRAQ:
AIR-VICE-MARSHAL J. F. A. HIGGINS.



THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR ARRIVES IN LONDON: MR. FRANK B. KELLOGG
(RIGHT), WITH HIS WIFE AND MR. POST WHEELER, COUNSELLOR OF EMBASSY.



DESIGNER OF THE EIFFEL TOWER:
THE LATE M. GUSTAVE EIFFEL,
THE VETERAN FRENCH ENGINEER.



REPORTED MURDERED ON
THE INDIAN N.W. FRONTIER:
CAPT. D. STANDEN.



NEW PERMANENT UNDER-
SECRETARY FOR WAR:
SIR HERBERT CREEDY.



A FAMOUS RACING
PEER: THE LATE
EARL OF JERSEY.



AN EMINENT ULSTER
DIVINE: THE LATE
BISHOP CHADWICK.



CHAIRMAN OF THE MIDLAND
RAILWAY OVER 20 YEARS:
THE LATE SIR ERNEST PAGET.

Sir Esmé Howard became Ambassador at Madrid in 1919. He served in the South African War in 1900.—Prince Hirohito was born in 1901, and owing to the illness of his father, the Emperor of Japan, was appointed Regent in 1921.—Sir Robert Kindersley is the chairman of Messrs. Lazard Bros., Ltd., and a Director of the Bank of England.—Sir Auckland Geddes, who has resigned his post as Ambassador in Washington on medical advice, owing to eye trouble, was appointed in 1920, and has been highly popular and successful.—Mr. McKenna, who is Chairman of the Midland Bank, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1915-16, and last year was offered the same post, but eventually declined.—Sir Horace Rumbold became High Commissioner at Constantinople in 1920, and negotiated the Turkish Treaty at Lausanne.—Sir Josiah Stamp is Secretary to Nobel Industries, Ltd., and was formerly Assistant Secretary to the Board of Inland

Revenue.—Air-Vice-Marshal Higgins has been Air Officer Commanding, Inland Area, R.A.F.—Mr. Frank B. Kellogg is an eminent American lawyer, and was Senator for Minnesota from 1917 to 1923. In 1896 he married Clara M. Cook, of Rochester, Minnesota.—M. Eiffel, who was 91, was born at Dijon. He built the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Exhibition of 1889.—Captain Standen was reported to have been murdered by a Sepoy on December 22 at Jandola, on the N.W. Frontier of India.—Sir Herbert Creedy has been a Joint Secretary of the War Office, and will retain his seat on the Army Council.—Lord Jersey, who succeeded to the earldom in 1915, was well known on the Turf, and a large landowner in Oxfordshire and Middlesex.—Dr. G. A. Chadwick was Bishop of Derry and Raphoe from 1896 to 1916.—Sir Ernest Paget became a Director of the Midland Railway in 1870, and was Chairman from 1890 to 1911.

JOHN BULL SEES THE NEW YEAR IN: REVELRY DESPITE TAXATION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.U.



BEARING UP UNDER THE MILLSTONES HUNG ROUND HIS NECK BY THE TAX-COLLECTOR: A COLOSSAL JOHN BULL AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL, SURROUNDED BY A GAY CROWD AT MIDNIGHT ON DECEMBER 31.

The Chelsea Arts Club Ball on New Year's Eve at the Albert Hall was a huge success, being attended by nearly 4000 dancers in every variety of fancy dress. A distinctly prominent figure was a gigantic John Bull, represented as a jug, and cheerfully bearing up under the weight of the millstones of taxation and other troubles hung around his long-suffering neck. Other features of the evening were

a Druid's Mistletoe Festival and tableaux representing the Old and the New Year, "Felix the Cat and the Christmas Goose," a "Grand Cock Fight," and a "Christmas Circus." The supper procession was led by Scottish pipers. The settings and decorations were designed by Mr. Robert Atkinson and Mr. A. R. Thomson. The Cock Fight costumes were illustrated in our issue of Dec. 22.

THE SCENE OF GRACE DARLING'S EXPLOIT AS A BIRD

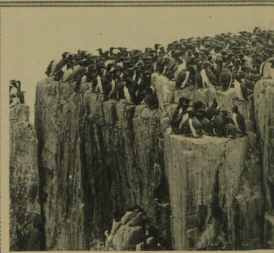
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RILEY FORTUNE, F.Z.S.



1. IMMORTALISED BY THE HEROISM OF GRACE DARLING: THE LONGSTONE LIGHTHOUSE AND REEF, FARNE ISLANDS.



2. ONE OF 20 SPECIES THAT BREED ON THE FARNE ISLANDS: A ROSEATE TERN ON HER NEST.



3. RESEMBLING THE PENGUINS OF THE ANTARCTIC: ON ONE OF THE PINNACLE ROCKS



6. ON ST. CUTHBERT'S ISLE, OR THE INNER FARNE: ST. CUTHBERT'S CHAPEL AND PRIOR CASTLE'S TOWER.



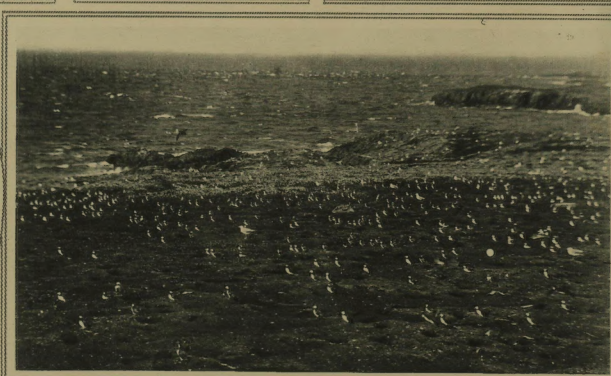
7. A REGULAR BREEDER ON THE FARNE ISLANDS: AN OYSTER-CATCHER ENTERING HER NEST.



8. WITH LESSER BLACK-BACK GULLS BESIDE THEIR SHOWING RUINS OF AN ANCIENT LIGHTHOUSE USED



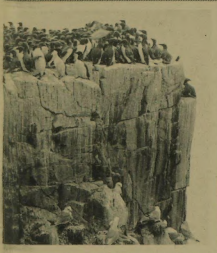
10. IN HIS BRILLIANT BREEDING PLUMAGE (CHANGED TO SOBER ATTIRE AFTER THE MATING SEASON): AN EIDER DRAKE.



11. ON A DAY WHEN THE SEA WAS TOO ROUGH FOR THEM TO FLOAT ON IT AS USUAL: MALE PUFFINS BESIDE THE BURROWS WHERE THEIR MATES WERE BROODING.

SANCTUARY: AN APPEAL TO BUY THE FARNE ISLANDS.

HARROGATE; NO. 8, BY OLIVER PIKE.



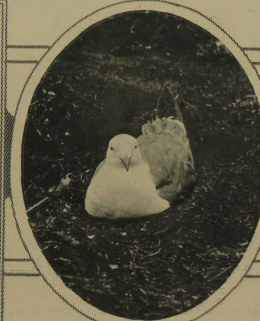
A GREAT GATHERING OF GUILLEMOTS IN THE FARNE ISLANDS.



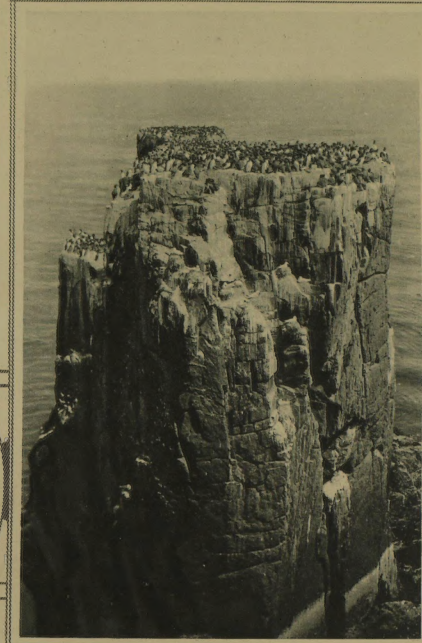
4. WITH HER YOUNG IN THE NEST ON THE FARNE ISLANDS: A KITTIWAKE (*RISSA TRIDACTYLA*).



NESTS: PART OF BROWNSMAN ISLAND, BEFORE THE LONGSTONE WAS BUILT.



9. SETTLING COMFORTABLY ON HER NEST TO BROOD HER CHICKS: A LESSER BLACK-BACK GULL.



5. HAUNTS OF THE GUILLEMOT (*LOMVA TROILE*) ON THE FARNE ISLANDS: ONE OF THE PINNACLES, BASALT PILLARS RISING SHEER FROM THE SEA.



12. HONEYCOMBED WITH PUFFINS' BURROWS, WITHIN EACH OF WHICH A MOTHER BIRD IS BROODING: PART OF STAPLES ISLAND—SHOWING REMAINS OF AN OLD LIGHTHOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.



13. IN SOBER PLUMAGE, SUCH AS THE DRAKE WEARS AFTER THE MATING SEASON: AN EIDER DUCK ON HER NEST.

A movement is on foot to establish a bird sanctuary on the Farne Islands, off the north-east coast of Northumberland, and an appeal has been issued, by Sir George Noble, asking bird-lovers to contribute to the sum of £2000 required to buy the islands from the present owners, who are anxious to sell, and hand them over to the National Trust. It is feared that otherwise this interesting and unique breeding-place for many beautiful birds might fall into speculative hands and be exploited to the destruction of bird life. About £700 has already been subscribed or promised. The treasurer and hon. secretary is Mr. Collingwood F. Thorp, of Belvedere, Alnwick. The Farne Islands, inner and outer, form a group of about fifteen. The appeal states: "It is not so much the quantity of birds that are found there as the great number of species that breed in so small an area. . . . The Longstone (famous for the memory of Grace Darling) is used as a breeding station by some of the terns and a few eider ducks; but it is on the other islands where we find the astonishing number of something like

twenty species, viz.: Lesser Black-Backed Gull, Herring Gull, Common Tern, Arctic Tern, Roseate Tern, Sandwich Tern, Guillemot, Razorbill, Kittiwake, Cormorant, Shag, Puffin, Eider Duck, Oyster Catcher, Ring Plover, Rock Pipit. The following species have been reported as breeding, but the fact has not been authenticated:—Heron (which is reported to have nested on the ground and been robbed by the gulls); Ivory Gull (very doubtful); Common Gull (once authenticated by the late H. A. Paynter); Shell Duck; Fulmar; Petrel; Manx Shearwater. . . . At present a small association has sent watchers out to the islands during the breeding season, and the preservation of the bird life has been due to the loyal devotion of these few persons. Our chief difficulty has been with trippers, who have really no love of birds, but simply go out to the islands for a day's holiday and think nothing of destroying the birds' eggs or young. . . . The watchers would have to be supplied, as heretofore, by a local committee."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

IF it be true, as a former very distinguished contributor to this journal once remarked, that of all the novels written only about one-hundredth part finds a publisher, we have here a rather melancholy reflection on the eternally hopeful fatuity of mankind, and not of mankind alone, for "that sweet sex," as Sir Thomas Browne calls it, is not the least active in the manufacture of fiction. At the time when the calculation was made, the annual returns of novels issued showed that there must be about 100,000 British novelists in full working order, as far as covering reams of paper went, although real and effective working order was denied to the mass.

To-day the case must be even more acute, and "the legion of the lost ones, the cohort of the damned" will hardly bear thinking about. The nights of memories and sighs consecrated by fervent and aspiring garreteers to the writing of their unborn masterpieces would be things to make the angels weep, were it not that, on balance, the loss to the world cannot be great. Possibly a wonderful work here and there may have been condemned to limbo, for even publishers' readers are not infallible, but the chances are so small as to be negligible. If a manuscript has gone the round of the good houses in vain, it is pretty safe to conclude that the honours of print are not for it. The market must be supplied, and even decent mediocrity (sometimes a little less than that) finds a home in time: so much of the middling decent, in fact, appears on the publishers' lists that Mr. Belloc is well justified of that old saying of his—so old that he may have forgotten it by now—that "the least distinguished thing a person can do is to write a novel."

If that wise saw were taken to heart, read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by everyone who dreams himself a second Dickens in embryo (or if he be of a precious mind, a new Henry James), there would be less throwing about of brains, and much saving of good time in this New Year. But one fears that, as things go, the delusion will continue, and even increase. It has its roots not so much in literary enthusiasm—to which much could be forgiven—as in mere cupidity. It is an offshoot of the "get-rich-quick" craze. The stories of fortunes made by a single book seduce the trustful uninitiated, who read and are dazzled, never dreaming how rare these instances are. A little simple arithmetic would save a world of care, and many heartbreaks and heartburnings.

"They know not, poor misguided souls," at what a price even ultimate success has often been purchased. The first book that makes a fortune is the rarest of rare birds. The majority of the successful writers of to-day have served a long apprenticeship to their craft, and several of them had a little row of books to their name before they made the winning bull's-eye. What lies in their desks, never to see the light, is known only to themselves. These experiments are in all probability not few, and more still must have been, as Petrarch said, "submitted to Vulcan's revision"—in plain English, to the flames. To that revision even novelists who have, in the jargon of the literary coteries, "arrived," are not above appealing, if they value their art and reputation. A neighbour of Henry James's used to see him in his garden making periculous autumn fires of the perished leaves of hope, which he stirred diligently until all were consumed. And recently one of our bright paragraph writers (bless the lads, how they help us through dull days with their rosy reflections of the hard world of letters!) told us the nicest piece of gossip I have ever read about Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith—how she, who has the ball at her foot and might now slip her work into print with small challenge, looked upon a recent MS. of hers, and, liking it not, gallantly scrapped it and sat down to write another. That other is "The End of the House of Alard." It is worth while to be minutely self-critical. And thus we journey to the stars. Being to-day both moral and commonplace, as becomes the first week of the New Year, I shall further improve the occasion by quoting Michael Angelo—"Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

Somebody, full of the season's goodwill, may remind me that my remarks are likely to discourage young (or old) talent, and that they are an unkind quenching of the smoking flax; but as a rule the flax smokes so abominably that the extinguisher is the only wear for it. Taken for all in all, our publishers' readers are "discerning beasts" who commit a wise and praiseworthy infanticide. (That sweet phrase, "discerning beastie," by the way, I once found pencilled as a marginal comment on a volume of Plato in a Northern University Library, and I saved the jewel up, knowing the day would come, as it has, when it would fit in pat.)

But to return. It will be further objected that if nobody tried to write novels, nobody would succeed, and this dull world would miss the sovereign solace of great fiction. That objection is based on the theory of "mute inglorious Miltons," curious phenomena that exist only in the rhetorical flourish of the late Mr. Thomas Gray, a poet

otherwise admirable, though here he was somewhat left to himself, just as Meredith was a little abandoned when he called Gray "the undertaker," by way of compliment to the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Well, even Homer must be allowed to nod sometimes, and Mr. Gray, too, was nodding when he committed himself to the notion that a Milton could remain mute. That sort of thing does not happen: the heaven-born genius may be neglected during part, or even the whole, of his lifetime, but mute he never is. The real mutes are not the Great Unpublished, but the Great Unpublishable. I do not believe that any commanding work of genius has ever been lost to the world through the obstinate refusal of those who hold the powers of print to give it a chance. The rest lies with Time, Fate, and the general heart of men. Recognition may be slow, but Destiny's Committee of the Index never fails to mark the work of true genius—*Nihil obstat*.

Too many tears need not be wasted on the Great Unpublishable; for many of them, in spite of disappointments, manage to get a good deal of innocent enjoyment out of their efforts. Every writing man or woman knows several old campaigners, as perpetually hopeful as their work is hopeless, whom nothing will ever cure of their infatuation. To encourage them is only to augment the troubles and waste the time of good men whose business it is to taste literary ale, and when I am asked for a private opinion (a thing of weekly occurrence), I make it a rule to be very frank. But all to no purpose: these aspiring souls are not to be put off. Out of the most uncompromising verdicts they seem to suck no small satisfaction, and straightway they return to their wallowing in the mire.

Perhaps if everyone were equally frank our aspirants might see reason, but they come to one bearing in their



THE LATEST ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS: A RECENT VIEW OF THE ACTIVE CENTRAL CONE INSIDE THE CRATER OF THE VOLCANO.

The central cone of Vesuvius suddenly became very active a few weeks ago, and poured out a stream of lava which the Director of the Observatory, Professor Malladra, who inspected the crater, estimated to be thirty feet deep. At night a bright glow over the volcano was visible for miles around. Although there was afterwards a cessation of activity, it was thought that the outbreak might be the beginning of a new eruption.—[Photograph supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.]

hands letters from competent critics, who, anxious to take the sting out of an adverse opinion, have added a few kind, non-committal phrases of empty flattery on some non-essential point. To those phrases our friends stick like limpets, and bring them, with becoming modesty, to our notice, hinting that it is our duty to corroborate them. This cannot be done, but the result is the same in the end. They live on Mr. So-and-So's kindly faint-praise, and cannot see that in reality it is the most damning part of the whole criticism.

These are the incorrigibles: like Manasseh, they are joined to their idol and must be left alone to practise their strange cult. Perhaps they might be worse employed. But to those who might be better employed, it may be worth while to suggest a friendly "tip." If they have had three, or at the most four, immortal works of fiction rejected by, say, a dozen good publishers, they may safely conclude that the root of the matter is not in them. This may seem an arbitrary rule, but it is founded on sound practice. Those afflicted with the itch of writing novels may rest assured that anything of sufficient merit and attractiveness to justify the publisher's considerable financial risk will find fairly early acceptance. Readers are out to detect good things. They have no prejudice against an author because he is unknown: on the contrary, it is the new man that they are most keen to discover; for they want, naturally enough, to have the credit of discovery, just as every reviewer is anxious to be the first to hail a new star when it appears above the literary horizon.

Looking back upon the fiction of the past year, I cannot remember, within that period, the rising of any star which it would be safe, as yet, to call of the first magnitude; but there was at least one which may prove, one day, to be so. This novelist's maiden effort was small in compass but considerable in intensity, and in point of

pure literary performance more than considerable. It carries, however, two handicaps: the first, that it is imitative—a pastiche in the style of Defoe—and, second, that it contains one or two situations not altogether pleasant, if pushed to their logical conclusion. Current literature suffers somewhat from the fashion of imitation, and the frequent appearance of immensely clever works in this kind makes me wonder whether this is not the Alexandrian age of English Letters. I do not like to think so, because Alexandrianism is a symptom of exhaustion, and would make one despair of any new great outburst of spontaneous originality. Lately I have been living much among the foremost authors of the early nineteenth century, and I trust it is no blind prejudice, but a sober sense of values and of proportion, that leads me to think even the best writers of the moment tolerably small swipes. They produce excellent little things, and there it ends. They are just clever, sophisticated, finished Alexandrians. The volume, knowledge, and impetuosity of the great originals are denied them; they cannot afford to be careless, and that, perhaps, is the saddest defect of their quality. Scott, Byron, Dickens, with a recklessness of word and phrase that would give our little masters cold shivers down their delicate thin spines, were so fertile in matter that their frequent failures in manner hardly count; and when, in the fervent heat of inspiration, their expression refined and perfected itself, without conscious effort, they moved the world. We die of preciosity.

To win a hearing, and in some cases acclamation, confined to the appreciative few is the penalty of the Alexandrian spirit; the welcome is always limited by a "thus far and no farther." But the select audience fastens, with unerring instinct, upon the best things within this department of literature. The novel alluded to above is a case in point. At the London Library, the subscribers to which do not specialise in current fiction, the novel most in demand during 1923 has been Mr. David Garnett's "Lady into Fox," a literary *bon-bon* for literary people.

This does not, however, exclude a demand for fiction of a more virile and less fastidious kind in point of mere workmanship; the novel next in request at St. James's Square is Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Riceyman Steps." Mr. Hardy's new drama, "THE FAMOUS TRAGEDY OF THE QUEEN OF CORNWALL" (Macmillan; 6s.), was at the moment of its publication the book most sought after. Diplomatic memoirs, recently very numerous, have been prominent on subscribers' lists, and rank among the most popular books of the year. Mr. Page's ever fascinating "Letters" still lead in this class; and Walburga Lady Paget's "Embassies of Other Days" has met with an extraordinarily eager response. M. Paleologue's "Memoirs" and Mr. Winston Churchill's "World Crisis" make a very wide appeal. The demand for Mr. Churchill's first volume was great, but that for the second has been even greater. "Is It Peace?" by Mr. Lloyd George, remains in steady if not great request. Mr. Asquith's book has not been quite so fortunate. In travel and adventure, Ossendowski's "Beasts, Men, and Gods" found a large audience; and in science the most popular book has been Mr. Julian Huxley's "Essays of a Biologist." Other very noteworthy

successes have been achieved by "The Pageant of Greece," and "The Pageant of Rome," books not actually of last year's issue, but still very much alive and certain of permanence. The late Sir Walter Raleigh's "Some Authors" is in great vogue.

Books about Russia, diplomatic and otherwise, are much to the fore at present, and among those not concerned in the first instance with high diplomacy, although it has a good deal to do with high personages, is "MY RUSSIAN LIFE" by Princess Anatole Bariatsky (Hutchinson; 21s.), a volume of entertaining gossiping reminiscences. It has some historical importance for its pictures of the life of the great Russian landowners, who are now, to all intents and purposes, with the Dodo. The Princess gives amusing anecdotes of her encounters with two writers as diverse as Pierre Loti and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. When Mme. Bariatsky was sixteen, she met on board a French war-ship an officer who was presented to her as M. Julien Viaud. As there was to be a dance the following day, M. Viaud asked Mlle. Baschmakoff, as she then was, to keep a place for him on her programme. When he wrote his name "Pierre Loti," she was puzzled, and asked her cousins, "Why Pierre Loti, when he is just Viaud?" She was called a little goose for her pains, and was told that he was the author of "Mon Frère Yves" and "Madame Chrysanthème," over which she had gone into raptures. There was a touch of comedy also in her meeting with the other writer, whom she saw on a St. Petersburg railway platform evidently in difficulties. The stranger, who had no Russian, was trying by dumb show to make the booking-clerk understand. Princess Bariatsky offered help, which was accepted gratefully. Mr. Jerome gave his name, adding: "I want to go to Tsarskoe-selo, where I am invited to take tea with the Grand Duchess Vladimir; but the expedition is much too complicated for me."

EVENTS ABROAD: GREECE; MEXICO; "LEVIATHAN"; ESKIMO CRIMINALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., UNITED NEWS PICTURES (SUPPLIED BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.), AND WILLIAM BUTLER, TORONTO.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE LEAVING ATHENS, PERHAPS NEVER TO RETURN: THE SCENE ON THE QUAY AT THE PIRÆUS.



SALUTED BY TWENTY-ONE GUNS AS THEY EMBARKED: THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE IN A PINNACE GOING TO BOARD THE STEAMER "DAPHNE," BOUND FOR ROUMANIA.



RISEN FROM A SICK BED TO LEAD TROOPS AGAINST REBELS: PRESIDENT OBREGON OF MEXICO, LEAVING HIS SPECIAL TRAIN ON ARRIVAL AT THE WESTERN FRONT.



THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT (IN CIVIL DRESS, CENTRE, BETWEEN TWO OFFICERS) ARRIVES AT THE FRONT: GENERAL OBREGON AT IRAPUATO—A TROOP TRAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER AGROUND: THE "LEVIATHAN" (59,957 TONS) ON A MUD-BANK IN NEW YORK HARBOUR, DURING A FOG SHORTLY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

King George II. and Queen Elizabeth of Greece left Athens, at the request of the Government, on the afternoon of December 19, embarking at the Piræus in the steamer "Daphne," which took them to Constanza, in Roumania. Thence they proceeded to Bucharest, where they remained as the guests of the King and Queen of Roumania, the parents of Queen Elizabeth. —It was reported on December 14 that President Obregon had assumed supreme command of the Mexican Government troops marching against Guadalajara City, held by the Huertist rebels. — On December 21 the "Leviathan" (the ex-German liner "Vaterland") ran aground on a mud-bank in New York Harbour during a fog. She was refloated the next after-

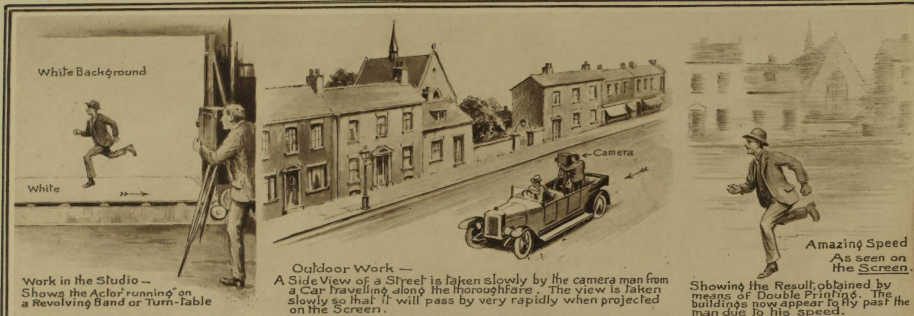


WITH TWO ESKIMOS (IN FRONT) CONVICTED OF MURDER: CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE BACK FROM A TWO YEARS' SEARCH IN THE ARCTIC.

noon.—The sixth photograph shows Inspector C. D. La Nauze, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and his party, with two Eskimo prisoners for whom they had searched in the Arctic for over two years. The Eskimos, accused of murdering the French priests Rouvier and Le Roux, were tried and convicted. The photograph, taken at Edmonton before the trial, shows (from left to right) (top row)—Patsey Klengenberg (interpreter), Witness Koeha, and Special Constable Havenet; (middle row)—Corporal Bruce, Inspector La Nauze, and Constable Wight; (bottom row)—Prisoners Sinnisiah and Uluksuk. Inspector La Nauze was in the 1911 Coronation contingent, and served in France with the Fort Garry Horse.

"BEHIND THE SCENES" IN FILM LAND: APPARITIONS;

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

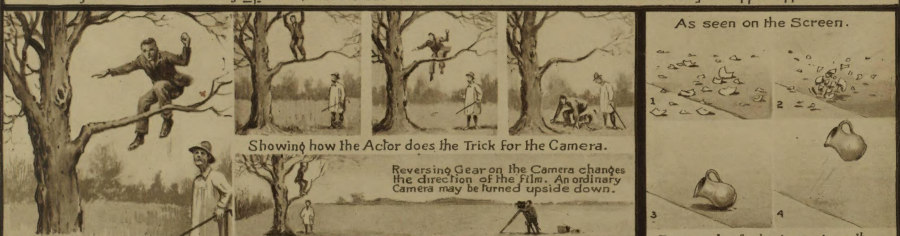


PEOPLE RUNNING ALONG STREETS AT ASTONISHING SPEED

Many wonderful illusions are produced by this method.



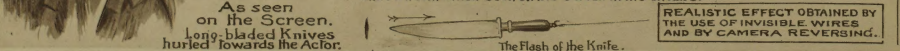
Showing a Cart Wheel running up a Hill. Ludicrous effect as seen on the Screen when the last thing to happen appears as the first.



As seen on the Screen—A man suddenly jumps up into a tree.



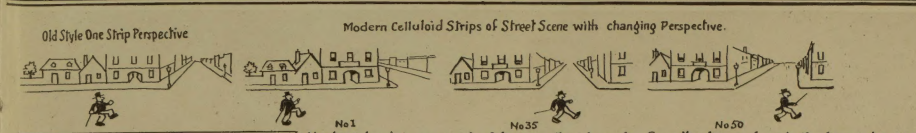
As seen on the Screen—Long-bladed Knives hurled towards the Actor.



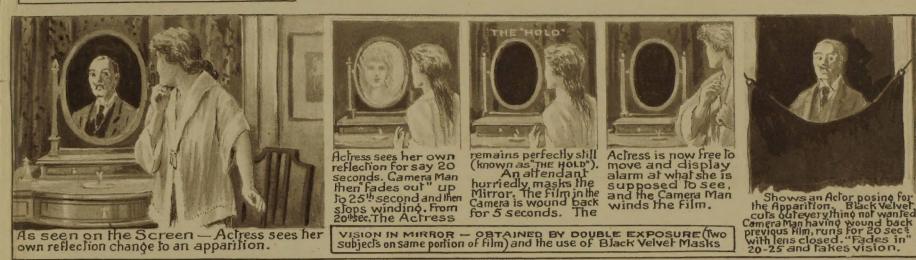
As seen on the Screen—Long-bladed Knives hurled towards the Actor.

WHEELS RUNNING UPHILL; AND LILLIPUTIAN FAIRIES.

W. B. ROBINSON.



As seen on the Screen—A man suddenly jumps up into a tree.



As seen on the Screen—A man suddenly jumps up into a tree.



As seen on the Screen—A man suddenly jumps up into a tree.



As seen on the Screen—A man suddenly jumps up into a tree.

As seen on the Screen—A man suddenly jumps up into a tree.

SECRETS OF TRICK FILMS REVEALED: DEVICES OF THE CAMERA AND THE STUDIO

How is it done? That is a question that often occurs to the spectator at a picture theatre when some remarkable "stunt" is performed on the screen, in defiance of the laws of gravity and the limitations of human experience. In the above diagrams and explanations, our artist supplies the answer to the question in many typical examples of trick films. The methods employed, it will be seen, are comparatively simple adaptations of camera work, but at the same time are highly ingenious, like many other simple things that nobody expects to have thought of before. Wonderful effects are produced by merely reversing the direction in which the movement travels, thus causing a cart-wheel to run uphill, a man to jump into a tree, instead of falling down, or fragments

THAT PRODUCE WONDERFUL EFFECTS ON THE SCREEN—TURN-TABLES, MIRRORS, AND REVERSAL OF GEAR.

of pottery to form themselves into a jug and rise into the air. By a modification of the same process, and the use of invisible wires, a man standing against a door appears to be pelted with a shower of sharp knives that stick into the wood all round him. By the device of a black background, an apparition is shown in a looking-glass, and by another use of a mirror an actress is reduced to Lilliputian proportions and appears as a tiny fairy dancing on a man's desk. In our issue of October 27, it may be recalled, a similar set of diagrams illustrated the tricks by which a "human fly" can be represented on the screen, as climbing up the front of a sky-scraper.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE GOULDIAN FINCH, AND OTHER EXAMPLES OF DIMORPHISM.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

AMONG the latest additions to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London are a number of "Gouldian Finches." To those who have never seen or perhaps even heard of this bird, the announcement will not seem very thrilling, but all the same it is a wonderful bird. Strictly speaking, it is not really a "finch," but one of the numerous tribe of "Weaver-birds," and is a native of Australia. As a cage-bird, it is highly prized. And no wonder, for it is extremely beautiful, the male, at any rate, wearing a coat of many colours—a delicate patchwork of pale green, blue, lilac, scarlet, yellow, brown, black, and white. Of all these vividly contrasted hues, the blaze of scarlet round the face is perhaps the most conspicuous, and thereon hangs a tale, to follow presently.

For the moment attention must be directed to the nestling. The Gouldian finch will breed in captivity if kept in suitable and sufficiently roomy aviaries, and it is to the zeal of the aviculturists that we owe this discovery. And this led to another, which would probably never have been made but for the desire to induce this little harlequin to breed in captivity. It concerns the mouth of the nestling. In young Passerine birds—crows, finches, wagtails, and so on—as everybody knows, the mouth is provided at the gape with large, outstanding, membranous flanges of a bright-yellow colour. They probably serve to facilitate the work of feeding on the part of the parents, since the bright bands of colour would more sharply define the cavity of the mouth. And, as if this were not

distinct though allied species. Thus, then, we are indebted to the aviculturists for this very interesting discovery. The Science of Thremmatology, indeed, owes not a little to their painstaking efforts.

Here we have what is known as a "mutation"—a word coined, if I am not mistaken, by the naturalist De Vries in his work on the evening primrose (*Oenothera lamarckiana*) to account for the "saltatory variations," or "sports," which that plant appears to throw. It was this work which first drew close attention to the possible evolution of new species by such "sports," a possibility first discussed by Darwin. But, as an indubitably wild evening primrose has never been found—its native country being still unknown—the deductions drawn from his experiments were unconvincing. Birds bred in captivity, however, have now furnished us with numerous instances of such "mutations." The male of the common red-billed weaver (*Quealia quealia*), a small African finch-like bird, has been found in its old age to assume the characters of the comparatively rare Russ's weaver (*Quealia russi*), its black throat becoming replaced by pale buff. Similarly, the rare yellow-rumped finch (*Munia flaviprymna*) of Australia has shown a tendency to change into the allied and far commoner chestnut-breasted finch (*M. castaneithorax*) during the lifetime of the individual.

The famous "japanned" or black-winged peafowl, discussed by Darwin, furnishes a good illustration of "mutation." "This form," he wrote, "has lately been named, on the high authority of Mr. Sclater (then Secretary of the Zoological Society of London), as a distinct species—namely, *Pavo nigripennis*—which he believes will hereafter be found wild in some country, but not in India, where it is certainly unknown. The males of these japanned birds differ conspicuously from the common peacock in the colour of their secondary wing-feathers, scapulars, and thighs," inasmuch as these are black instead of barred with black on a background of pale buff. These black wings, glossed with metallic blue and green reflections, certainly look more in keeping with the splendour of the rest of the plumage than do the buff and black wings of the more familiar type. But these black-winged birds are, he tells us, always smaller than the common sort, and are always beaten by them in their battles; while the females are much paler-coloured than those of the common kind. They are, indeed, commonly white, but have a black tail and black speckling on the upper surface of the body; while the primary quills are cinnamon-coloured, as in male peafowl, not drab, as in normal hens. Time and again these "japanned" birds have appeared suddenly, the offspring of apparently normal parents. Finally, when mated together, such black-shouldered birds breed true.

The golden pheasant (*Chrysolophus pictus*), in domestication, will occasionally throw a dark-throated form which has been given a specific name (*Chrysolophus obscurus*). Herein the throat is black instead of buff, and the shoulder-feathers black instead of red; while the two middle tail-feathers are barred with black and brown, like those on either side, instead of being, as in the ordinary form, spotted with brown on a black ground. The hens, it is to be noted, have a chocolate-brown ground colour, instead of yellow ochre, as in the typical or normal type. The nestlings are also darker.

The difference in the coloration of the downy chicks is interesting, for it finds a parallel in the case of the young of the common wild-plumaged, domesticated mallard, where this throws, as it sometimes does, a form in which the chocolate breast and white collar are wanting, the pencilled grey of the abdomen extending up to the white ring round the neck. In such cases the "speculum," or wing-bar, is dull black, instead of metallic blue. The downy young of such birds are of a uniform sooty black, instead of dark brown and yellow as in normal youngsters. These facts must be considered together with some very remarkable cases which have long been known among

wild birds that have been described as "dimorphic"; that is to say, as represented by two or more less distinct types.

Certain members of the heron tribe have long been known to display this "dimorphism." Perhaps the best-known instance of this curious fact is that furnished by the reef heron (*Demigretta sacra*). The typical plumage of this bird is of a deep blackish-slate, but pure white birds are common. It does not appear, however, to have been established whether these white birds ever occur where both parents are of the dark type. The normal and the white forms have been seen paired together, and the offspring, in such cases, seem always to be intermediate in coloration, being

streaked with blue on a white ground. But this remarkable dimorphism is by no means confined to this species, and it seems probable that we have in such instances an indication of the line of evolution which will ultimately end in the elimination of the dark forms. There are, at any rate, some significant facts which seem to support this suggestion.

In the Pacific heron (*Notophox pacifica*), for instance, the adult is of a glossy olive-green and slate-colour, blackish below, relieved by broad longitudinal streaks of white, and white tips to the feathers of the fore part of the neck. Occasionally, nearly white adults are met with. In the African white-throated heron (*Leptodias gularis*) the adults are slate-coloured, and white birds are more frequent. The reddish egret (*Dichromanassa rufa*) carries us a stage further, the general hue of the adult being of a light slaty-grey relieved by cinnamon on the head and neck. The immature birds are either of a bluish grey or white. Finally, in the blue heron (*Florida coerulea*), the adults are of a bluish-slate colour, while the young birds are apparently always white.

I may be told that, on the evidences of these sequences, the evolutionary history may be exactly the other way about; and this because it is the general rule for the young to reproduce the ancestral plumage. This may, indeed, have been the case. But, even so, these cases of dimorphism lose none of their interest or importance.



DIMORPHISM IN THE GOULDIAN FINCH: THE RED-FACED FORM (ABOVE) AND THE BLACK-FACED FORM (BELOW).

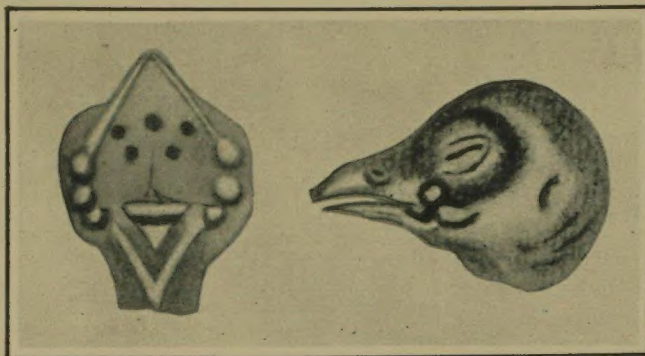
The two forms appear spontaneously in birds bred in captivity, affording an interesting illustration of Dimorphism.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

enough, in many species the roof of the mouth, and sometimes also the tongue, is marked by black spots.

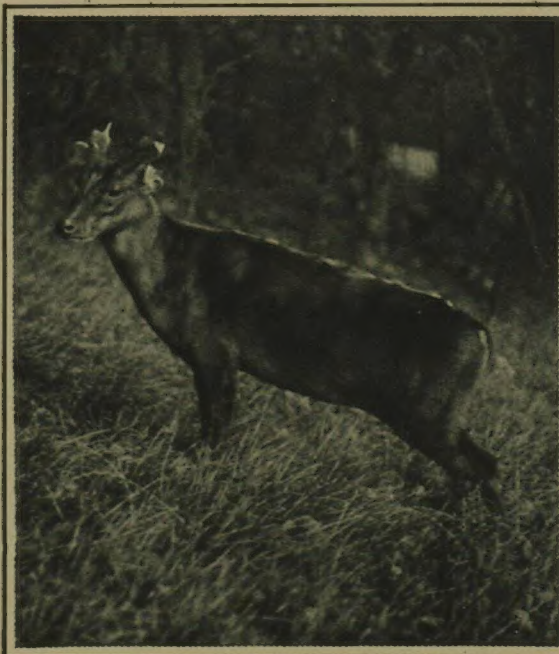
The young of the Gouldian finch bear still more remarkable ornaments, for at the angle of the gape are three bead-like bodies of a brilliant opalescent emerald green and blue; while the roof of the mouth is marked with five black spots, perfectly symmetrically disposed, and these are supplemented by a black bar across the tongue. The young of the crimson-eared wax-bill, or "Cordon-bleu," and of the parrot-finches are, however, similarly marked. These strange patterns appear to serve a very useful, and indeed important, purpose, inasmuch as they make the mouth visible in the dimly lit nests in which such young are always reared. As the youngsters grow and become, therefore, able to assist in the task of feeding—since they are no longer passive, automatically opening their mouths, but eagerly stretch forth their heads to take the food held in the parent's beak—these ornaments gradually dwindle away, leaving, in the full-fledged bird, no trace whatever of their former existence.

And now as to the scarlet face of the adult male, this region in the female being of a dull black, with a tinge of red. It happens with some frequency among these males that the red of the face is replaced with black. Even among nestlings of the same nest some will develop a typical red, and one or two a black, face. This curious change, however, is obviously not induced by the conditions of captivity, for these two types have also been taken in a wild state. But at the time nothing was known of these changes in captive birds, and accordingly the two types of wild birds were very naturally regarded as belonging to



TO FACILITATE FEEDING BY MAKING THE MOUTH VISIBLE IN THE DIMLY LIT NEST: BRILLIANT BEAD-LIKE BODIES AND BLACK SPOTS IN THE MOUTH OF THE NESTLING GOULDIAN FINCH; AND A DIAGRAM OF THE HEAD.

Two pairs of these bead-like ornaments are of an opalescent emerald green, and one pair of opalescent blue. The spots on the roof of the mouth are black on a yellow ground.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]



AN EXAMPLE OF BLACK "MUTATION": THE INDIAN BARKING DEER, OR MUNTJAC.

"The Indian Barking Deer, or Muntjac," writes Mr. Pycraft, "furnishes what is known as a black 'mutation.' But this form of mutation differs from that of the birds discussed in this essay, since it belongs rather to the category of 'melanic variations' due, generally, to climatic conditions. In the other cases cited here no assignable cause can be suggested for the variation."

Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.

THE U.S. NAVY AND THE GUN-RANGE QUESTION: A FINE AIR VIEW.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KADEL AND HERBERT, NEW YORK; SUPPLIED BY CENTRAL PRESS.



"PACKED LIKE SARDINES": U.S. WAR-SHIPS LYING IDLE AT PHILADELPHIA, INCLUDING 9 BATTLE-SHIPS (WITH LATTICE MASTS, CENTRE BACKGROUND), 4 TRANSPORTS, 2 "EAGLE" BOATS, AND OVER 120 DESTROYERS—SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

Although this remarkable photograph has no specific connection with the controversy, the subject of the United States Navy is of general interest at the moment through the recent decision of the Navy Department to re-appropriate 6½ million dollars for elevating gun-turrets to increase range. A similar proposal was made in 1922, on the ground that some British gun-ranges had been thus increased, but was dropped on receipt of a British denial. It has now been resumed, and the present Secretary of the U.S. Navy, Mr. Denby, recently stated that the elevation of turret guns would not contravene the Washington Treaty, and that there was still a disparity

between British and American ranges in favour of the British, though not so great as Congress had previously been led to believe. The late President Harding apparently took a different view of the bearing of certain clauses in the Treaty, and legal experts are said to differ as to their interpretation. It has been suggested that the Naval Attachés in Washington representing the signatory Powers should discuss and settle the point. The destroyers shown above recall the fact that Court-Martial sentences were lately pronounced on officers of the U.S. destroyer flotilla wrecked on the Californian coast last September.

THE PHARAOHS AND PHENICIA: EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES AT BYBLOS.



OF EGYPTIAN TYPE: ENGRAVED SCARABS AND RING BEZELS FOUND IN A LARGE JAR BENEATH THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE LADY OF BYBLOS. (ABOUT 2000 B.C.).



AMONG THE CONTENTS OF THE SAME JAR DISCOVERED BENEATH A TEMPLE AT BYBLOS (MODERN JEBEIL) NEAR BEIRUT: SMALL STATUETTES OF A CHILD AND A MONKEY.



DISCOVERED BY RENAN IN 1860: AN EGYPTIAN BAS-RELIEF CARVED IN LIMESTONE ROCK AT MACHNAGA IN THE VALLEY OF ADONIS, NEAR BYBLOS.



PROOF OF CLOSE ASSOCIATION BETWEEN EGYPT AND PHENICIA 3000 YEARS AGO: AN EGYPTIAN STATUE OF THE LADY OF BYBLOS ON A LION-FOOTED THRONE.

The Tutankhamen discoveries have lent a new interest to the story of ancient Egypt and its relations with neighbouring countries. Many objects found in the tomb (such as the chariot carvings illustrated in this number) show types of Asiatic and other foes on whom the Egyptian king made war. Evidence of a close and more peaceful association between Egypt and an old Phœnician kingdom on the Syrian coast has lately been found at Jebeil, the site of ancient Byblos, by the well-known French archæologist, M. Pierre Montet, Professor of Egyptology at Strasburg, and M. Virolleaud, head of the Department of Antiquities at Beirut. After a cliff landslide at Jebeil last February, M. Virolleaud discovered a hypogeum

containing a sarcophagus (illustrated in our issue of October 13 last) with an Egyptian vase bearing the name of Amenemhat III. (1850 to 1800 B.C.), a Pharaoh of the Twelfth Dynasty, indicating that the tomb was that of a Phœnician king in alliance with that Pharaoh. Subsequently M. Montet, who went out on behalf of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres and the French Government, has found several other tombs, one containing objects inscribed with the name of Amenemhat IV. (1800-1792 B.C.). The tomb was walled up, but, the rock being porous, mud had filtered through and covered the contents. The coffin was believed to have consisted of gilded wood with faience inlay, like the shrine of

[Continued opposite.]

ONCE ALLIED WITH EGYPT AND LATER HELD BY ROME: A SYRIAN CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. DU LOUP AND GUIRAGOSSIAN.



ON THE SITE OF BYBLOS, ONE OF THE OLDEST CITIES IN THE WORLD, FORMERLY ALLIED WITH THE PHARAOKHS OF THE TWELFTH DYNASTY, AND LATER EMBELLISHED BY ROMAN BUILDINGS: THE MODERN TOWN AND PORT OF JEBEIL, BETWEEN BEIRUT AND TRIPOLI.

IN a recent article describing discoveries at Byblos (here illustrated) previous to those mentioned below, M. Pierre Montet writes: "Under the Roman Empire the festivals of Adonis attracted thither vast throngs to the great Temple of Astarte. According to Lucian, the Antonines beautified it as they did so many Syrian cities. But their monuments have been pulled down for building materials. . . . Among the monuments which Renan discovered in 1860 was an Egyptian bas-relief wrought on the spot out of local limestone by

(Continued opposite.)

RECENTLY RESTORED BY FRENCH SAILORS, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF M. MONTET, PROFESSOR OF EGYPTOLOGY AT STRASBURG: THE COLONADE OF A ROMAN TEMPLE AT JEBEIL (ANCIENT BYBLOS).

Continued.] Egyptian hands. . . . The Egyptians went often to Byblos. . . . Free from all religious fanaticism, they respected the gods and, above all, the goddess of this friendly city. During the Middle Empire they named her 'Hathor, Lady of Byblos.' " It was natural to suppose that they would have built a temple to her, and remains of two sanctuaries were eventually found. One of them, dedicated to the Lady of Byblos, says M. Montet, was in use from the period of the Egyptian Middle Empire (2000 B.C.) up to Roman times.



FRENCH EXCAVATION WORK AT JEBEIL (ANCIENT BYBLOS): THE DISCOVERY OF A COLONADE OF THE ROMAN PERIOD, BETWEEN THE CITADEL AND THE SEA.



AN OBSTACLE TO COMPLETE EXCAVATION AT BYBLOS: MODERN VILLAS AND MULBERRY PLANTATIONS ON A HILL WHICH COVERS REMAINS OF ANCIENT TEMPLES.

Continued.]

Tutankhamen. The most remarkable examples of Egyptian influence found in the tomb were a marble vase of beautiful workmanship, and a jewel casket of obsidian, mounted in gold, and shaped like a sarcophagus. The lid of the vase bore the following hieroglyphic inscription: "Servant of God, G6d, Son of the Sun, Amenemhat, may he live for ever." The lid of the casket was similarly engraved with hieroglyphics which read: "Long live the good God, Master of the Two Lands, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Maa Kheron Ra, beloved of Tum, Lord of Heliopolis, to whom he has given eternal life." The casket, which had been broken by a falling stone, had probably contained jewels, for close by were found

gold medallions, a pectoral and chain with two figures of the king seated before the symbolic hawk, a gold ring set with amethyst, a necklace of amethysts and pearls, and a scarab. A little further away were other jewels and various objects, including some papyrus and the Egyptian emblem of the solar disc in silver. On December 14 it was stated that a larger tomb had been found at Byblos, with several chambers, one containing an intact sarcophagus decorated with bas-reliefs and bearing a long Phœnician inscription five centuries earlier than the oldest inscription hitherto known. This chamber also was choked with mud. The presence of modern villas on the site hinders excavation.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

LETTERS ON "ACTING AND FEELING."—GESTURES ON THE STAGE.

MISS Constance Collier writes:—

I feel so interested in the correspondence on the subject of emotion in acting. In my humble opinion, the chief asset of an artist's equipment is imagination. One must imagine how a mother would feel if she had to kill her baby. You can't very well kill the baby to get the true emotion for the stage, and probably the thing you act is not in the least how a mother would behave if she killed her baby. But as long as you convince the audience that a mother might behave in that manner, the result is the same.

M. Coquelin, when I was a girl, once said to me two things about acting that I have remembered and tried to work upon. The first thing was: "You build a house, a solid building, and it has many windows—that's technique. Sometimes you can put a light in that house—that is inspiration. In any case, the house is always there." That has helped me very much to build my house, when my new parts come along. Whether I can be inspired or not is a different matter. He also said that the true art of acting is elimination—another splendid lesson for me. The less one does, the more effective—as in real life: when things touch us deeply we are singularly simple. It is the little something that is too much that makes for unreality on the stage. "The little more, and how much it is—the little less, and what worlds away!"

Mr. Seymour Hicks writes:—

Of course, the question you ask me to answer is one that has been, as you know, the bone of contention among the theatrical giants throughout the ages.

I have always thought that Art and Heart were a happily married couple, and that their household, the theatre, would be a very unhappy one if they were divorced. If a question arose as to which of these contracting parties would be the most at sea bereft of a partner, I should undoubtedly say Heart. Personally, it has been my experience that sometimes when, through illness or some other cause, one has played quite mechanically and felt nothing, the applause has been greater; and that often when one has thought things most and shed real tears, the audience has not responded as one thought it might. But as to the question of being purely mechanical and moving an audience, I am quite sure that it is only a very great actor who could afford to take such a liberty; and his effects must surely be gained, although he is feeling nothing, by subconsciously taking a print from a negative which was the great original conception. I stood in a corner of the Adelphi Theatre within three or four yards of Sarah Bernhardt when she played Hamlet, and in the Grave scene, when she said, "Alas, poor Yorick—I knew him well!" I was deeply moved, as apparently she was; but a moment afterwards she had her back to the audience, and was quite mechanically directing the suppers in the funeral procession.

I have seen Henry Irving cry in "The Vicar of Wakefield," "King Lear," and "Charles I.," and I have seen him get mighty applause for doing exactly the same thing, but at the same time being in a passion about some stage mishap. Obviously, therefore, he could not be thinking of two things at once, and yet the effect, as he had first designed it, was obtained purely by mechanical means. Surely, therefore, is it not Heart that teaches Art? And it is possible for Art, having learnt its lesson, to stand alone; but I cannot help feeling that when one reads in the diaries of great actors such lines as "I did not play well to-night," it must have meant more often than not that, although the audience applauded them, they themselves were not satisfied, in that mechanical means alone produced the result which can give no real artist real pleasure.

I am afraid I have expressed myself very badly. I know what I mean, though I cannot tell you; but I have done my best, so I know you will forgive me.

The intelligent foreigner who makes his very first acquaintance with the English stage records his first impressions with threefold observation. "When your actors represent gentlemen," he says, "they are gentlemen; when your actresses portray ladies they are ladies; but how impassive they both are! How

mechanical and poor are their gestures!" Which remark, by the way, immediately recalls an *obiter dictum* of Robert Buchanan, too good to be lost.

Years ago, when all the World of the Theatre was in a turmoil because Clement Scott in an interview had made some comments about the morals of the

stage which might have been otherwise expressed, the Scottish novelist exclaimed, "Yes, yes; Scott's opponents are quite right; the English stage is full of ladies, but we have only six actresses."

Fortunately, of late, we have greatly added to their number, but still the criticism maintains some *raison d'être*. For, if diction has made progress, there are still far too many actresses, notably in musical comedy, who have yet to learn that gesture is an essential part of their equipment. It applies less to men. To gesticulate profusely is neither correct from the English male point of view, nor is it consistent with the English character. We accept it in Irishmen and Welshmen, for it harmonises with blood and features; but to an Englishman, and even more to a Scot, vivacious play seems always comic—hence the undying mockery of the Latin races on the music-halls, with arms swaying like windmills and wild fingers ploughing air and hair. The Englishman gesticulates in emphasis, in distress, in farcical situations, but in conversational scenes he restricts gesture to a minimum, relying on his eyes, his smile, and

the inflection of his voice, and thereby attains the desired effect. As soon as he indulges in exuberance—for instance, when he has to portray a French character in an adaptation—he becomes unnatural, not to say absurd.

But that which would become a fault in our actors would be an acquisition to our actresses, of whom a great many have no idea what to do with their hands and arms.

Expressiveness by hands—what a marvellous thing it is! Look at Duse. It is not only what she utters that holds us; it is the eloquence of her hands, so beautiful of mould. The flexibility of her fingers, the curves she draws, the way she lays her hands on table, on shoulders—how it kindles our imagination; how it intensifies the action! And now recall how our actresses neglect these wonderful helpmates. They will let their arms dangle by their side; they

one arabesque drawn around the words, may convey a world of meaning. Remember Marie Tempest's entrance through the garden gate in Chapin's "Art and Opportunity." How she stood there, and by the handling of her parasol indicated that now she had come on the scene she would be the mistress of the situation and no mistake! To teach freedom of gesture should be, next to diction, the first object of our academies. Words wedded to significant movements gain immensely in force of conveyance. Of course, to a certain extent, this gift should be innate, and it is extremely difficult to teach; but it can be done, as I have seen it at the Conservatoire of Paris under Gott, who used to say, "Children, of course you will listen to what I say, but I beg you to pay even greater attention to my 'illustrations.'" Then he would give them a scene of Molière, and underline his speech, whenever the text warranted it, with appropriate gestures. And he would wind up with the exhortation, "Remember that *jouer* [which is the equivalent of our "acting"] is not only to say things but to do them:



SAID TO BE THE SMALLEST SOLO DANCER IN THE WORLD: MISS BABY LOVE (WHO STOPPED GROWING AT FOUR) AS CUPID IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT THE LYCEUM.

Miss Baby Love, who dances as Cupid in the Moon scene in the Lyceum pantomime, has not grown since she was four, although she is now thirteen. Her real name is Ada Hiscock, and she comes from Bransgore, near Christchurch, Hants. She was "discovered" at a village dance there about a year ago, and has since been trained.

Photograph by Hana Studios.



IN "BETHLEHEM," MR. RUTLAND BOUGHTON'S MUSIC-DRAMA AT THE REGENT THEATRE: MISS GWEN FRANGCON-DAVIES AS THE VIRGIN MARY.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

when you play in the nursery, half the fun comes from your hands, your arms, and your feet."

That word "feet" sounded novel and strange to me. I had never thought of that—although I do now observe how few actresses are graced with the foot of natural measure, which they hardly know how to shoe. It was Mlle. Lanthelme, the famous young actress, who in conversation made me see the importance of feet. "With the point of the foot," she said—whilst I admired the exquisite art of her *bottier*—"you can either create unfathomable mystery, or doubt, or anguish, or you can incite passion and heroic deeds. The foot is as great a power as the fan, provided always"—and here comes the real Parisienne—"that you have a shoe to fit it in the right harmony and proportion to your personality." I fully realised what she meant when I came back to England, and immediately on my return had to witness a first-night in which a very well-known leading lady was the heroine. She was a woman of charm, but she had big feet. She interested her audiences, but she rarely magnetised them. I had often asked myself why? Why does she not get "under our skin"? That evening I looked at her feet, and, thinking of Lanthelme, I understood. Those feet, shod to emphasise, not to minimise, their size—clumsy, inert, characterless—acted like a wet blanket. It was like Cyrano's nose. A phantom stood 'twixt passion and imagination. Oh, those feet, those feet! I had come to pray and remained to scoff—at her bootmaker.



"BETHLEHEM," AT THE REGENT THEATRE: THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, WITH MISS GWEN FRANGCON-DAVIES AS THE VIRGIN.

Mr. Rutland Boughton's music drama, "Bethlehem," is an adaptation from the Coventry Mystery Play of the Nativity, which he has set to continuous music, with a thread of Christmas carols running through it.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

will clasp their fingers as if in prayer; they will cross their arms to express determination and command; but they rarely realise that movements are as graceful as the magic wand—that one gesture, one motion,

DISCOVERED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A FAMOUS SCULPTOR'S MODELS.

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"THERE is no more popular monument in Westminster Abbey," writes Mrs. Arundell Esdaile, "than that of Lady Elizabeth Nightingale. From March 16, 1764, when John Wesley 'took a serious walk' among the 'heaps of unmeaning stone and marble' and found only 'one tomb which showed common-sense: that beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale, endeavouring to screen his lovely wife from death,' until the present day the work has been a show piece. . . . On learning from the sculptor's great-great-granddaughter that in 1870 her father had seen Roubiliac's model for the monument in the Triforium of the Abbey, I applied in September for permission, which was at once courteously granted, to see if it were still there. It was, and with it, wholly unknown and unrecognised, were two other models which I instantly identified as those of the tombs of the Duke and Duchess of Montagu (ob. 1749, 1751) in the Church of Warkton, Northamptonshire, works which, in spite of Allan Cunningham's hostile criticism, are among the most beautiful legacies of the eighteenth century. The Nightingale model is of terra cotta, painted, and, unlike any I have seen, bears a scale

[Continued opposite.]

ROUBILIAC'S MODEL FOR HIS FAMOUS MONUMENT TO LADY ELIZABETH NIGHTINGALE, A "SHOW PIECE" OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: ONE OF THREE MODELS FOUND IN THE TRIFORIUM.

[Continued.]

of proportions at the side. . . . The terra cotta measures over all 20 in. by 15 in., the scale divisions measuring on an average 1 1/8 in. Mr. Nightingale's head is missing, as it was in 1870, and most of the skeleton figure of Death; the rest is as Roubiliac left it, and bears the impress of his tools and fingers. . . . The Warkton models, constructed only of wood and plaster to suggest the effect of, white marble set against a darker background, are even more astonishing because their medium is more perishable. The setting is of darkened wood—that of the Duke is, unfortunately, badly wormed—the figures and accessories of plaster. The Duke's monument measures 24 in. by 17 in., and lacks only the head of the child in the arms of Charity; that of the Duchess, 25 1/2 in. by 18 in. over all, is perfect, save for the hands of the child angel on the step, though the spindle he once held is still preserved. The rounded panel forming the background of the niche is separately inserted, and the plaster wreath woven round the wooden urn is a marvel of delicate technique. Considering the fragility of their materials and the many planes in which they are wrought, the preservation of the models is little short of a miracle."



FOUND IN A CUPBOARD IN THE TRIFORIUM OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: ROUBILIAC'S ORIGINAL MODEL FOR HIS MONUMENT TO THE DUKE OF MONTAGU IN WARKTON CHURCH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



WITH THE THREE FATES GROUPED AROUND HER GRAVE AND CHERUBS WREATHING HER URN WITH FLOWERS: ROUBILIAC'S MODEL FOR HIS MONUMENT TO THE DUCHESS OF MONTAGU IN WARKTON CHURCH—FOUND WITH THE OTHERS.

The remarkably interesting discovery of three models by Roubiliac in the Triforium of Westminster Abbey, by Mrs. Arundell Esdaile, was recently described by her in the "Times," by whose courtesy we quote above a portion of her article. To explain the presence in the Abbey of the models for the Montagu monuments at Warkton, Mrs. Esdaile suggests that Roubiliac showed them to the Abbey authorities to prove his previous successful use of a niche, then an innovation when he employed the device for the Nightingale monument. It was erected in St. Michael's Chapel in the Abbey in 1761, but Roubiliac died bankrupt in the following year, and the Montagu models, stored in a cupboard in the Triforium, were probably forgotten

and have remained there ever since. Louis François Roubiliac was born at Lyons in 1695, and came to England some time between 1730 and 1738. He was one of the most famous sculptors of the eighteenth century, and among his chief works are the statue of Newton at Trinity College, Cambridge, and that of Shakespeare, placed in the entrance hall of the British Museum. He made busts of many famous contemporaries, including one of Pope, which Sir Robert Peel bought at the Stowe sale, as recorded in "The Illustrated London News" of August 26, 1848. The Nightingale monument was practically Roubiliac's last work. His own grave is in St. Martin's churchyard.

CHRISTIAN REUNION? THE HEAD OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI MANUEL.



AFFECTED BY THE QUESTION OF CHURCH REUNION RECENTLY DISCUSSED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY:
THE PRESENT POPE, PIUS XI.

The Archbishop of Canterbury in his Christmas Letter to the Archbishops and Metropolitans of the Anglican Communion, on the subject of Christian Reunion, recalled the "Appeal to all Christian People" issued by the Lambeth Conference of 1920, copies of which were sent to the heads of all leading Churches throughout the world, and summarised the replies and general results. Discussing the position as it affects the Church of Rome, he mentioned that "a private conference or conversation" took place two years ago at Malines, the Roman Catholic participants being Cardinal Mercier (Archbishop of Malines), Cardinal Monsignor van

Roey (Vicar-General), and the Abbé Portal; while on the Anglican side were Dr. Armitage Robinson (Dean of Wells), Dr. Walter Frere, and Lord Halifax. A second discussion took place at Malines last March, and a third a few weeks ago, when the Anglican group was joined by Dr. Charles Gore (late Bishop of Oxford) and Dr. Kidd (Warden of Keble College, Oxford), and the Roman Catholic group by Monsignor Batiffol and the Abbé Hemmer. Commenting on these meetings, the Archbishop of Canterbury continues: "Needless to say, there has been no attempt to initiate what may be called 'negotiations' of any sort. The

[Continued opposite.]

CHRISTIAN REUNION? THE HEAD OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT, LTD.



AUTHOR OF AN IMPORTANT LETTER ON CHURCH REUNION: THE MOST REV. RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Continued.
Anglicans who have, with my full encouragement, taken part, are in no sense delegates or representatives of the Church as a whole. . . . They have sought merely to effect some restatement of controverted questions, and some elucidation of perplexities. . . . No further plans are yet prepared, but it is impossible, I think, to doubt that further conversations must follow from the careful talks already held. At the least we have endeavoured in this direction, as in others, to give effect to the formal recommendation of the Lambeth Conference that we should 'invite the authorities of other Churches to confer with [us] concerning

the possibility of taking definite steps to co-operate in a common endeavour . . . to restore the unity of the Church of Christ.' . . . To us it seems certain that upon the Church of Christ must rest a chief responsibility for every forward step that can be taken towards the healing and the bettering of a distracted world. If the Church is to fulfil such a function in the world, its effort is infinitely weakened so long as it is obliged to go forward in scattered and independent detachments, and not as one body. . . . The vision which our Lord, as we believe, has set before us points the road to reunion."

WHEN BIG BEN TOLLED THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR: NEW YEAR'S EVE FESTIVITIES IN LONDON.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



WITH A STAGE "BIG BEN" TO MARK THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT AND RUSSIAN DANCERS BEARING THE NUMERALS "1924": A SCENE OF CELEBRATION
IN A GREAT LONDON HOTEL ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The New Year celebrations in London included, as has become well-established custom, specially arranged festivities in the principal hotels. The particular scene here illustrated, which may be taken as typical of many similar gatherings, shows the entertainment presented by the Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole. Describing it, our artist writes: "At midnight the Westminster chimes were sounded, followed by the deep tolling of the hour. A representation of the 'Big Ben' clock tower then appeared on the stage with illuminated dial, and immediately the Russian Dancers, in 'Trolka' formation,

gave a special dance on the floor, bearing the illuminated numerals, '1924.' Special favours, such as caps, pennants, 'musical instruments' and dolls, were presented to the guests just before midnight." A novel feature of the general New Year observances, it may be added, was the arrangement to broadcast the striking of midnight by the real Big Ben, so that his deep notes announcing the advent of 1924 could be conveyed by radio to many hundreds of listeners far away.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF THE LAND OF TUTANKHAMEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ALAN J. COBHAM.

TAKEN FROM A DE HAVILLAND MACHINE.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE: DENDERAH, SHOWING THE FAMOUS PALACE OF CLEOPATRA AND ANTONY.



THE PYRAMIDS AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A VIEW OF THE WING OF THE WING OF THE WING.



REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH, WITH PART OF AN AEROPLANE IN THE CORNER.



ON THE NILE BETWEEN LUXOR AND ASWAN: THE TEMPLE OF EDFU, AND THE ADJOINING MODERN TOWN, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET-HABOO AND THE TEMPLE PALACE OF RAMESSES III.



WITH THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE HATHEPSUT AT DEIR EL BAHRI.



KINGS BEYOND: THE TEMPLE OF QUEEN DEIR EL BAHRI.



A NEARER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET-HABOO AND THE PALACE OF RAMESSES III.: THE FRONT FROM 'ANOTHER ANGLE'.



IN THE CENTRE OF A MODERN TOWN: THE TEMPLE OF ESNA, BETWEEN LUXOR AND ASWAN ON THE NILE, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



SHOWING TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB (IN THE LIGHT PATCH ROAD): THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS FROM THE AIR.



IN THE LEFT CENTRE, JUST TO RIGHT OF A WINDING RIVER: THE TEMPLE OF EDFU.



SHOWING THE NILE IN THE TOP LEFT CORNER OF THE PHOTOGRAPH: ANOTHER AIR VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF EDFU.

Like those of Luxor and Karnak given in our issue of December 29, these remarkable air views of ancient monuments in Egypt were taken by Mr. Alan J. Cobham (chief pilot of the De Havilland Hire Service at Edgware) during his great flying tour over parts of three continents (Europe, Africa, and Asia), in which he covered 12,000 miles in the same De Havilland machine. "The route," writes Mr. Cobham, "ran through France, Italy, Greece, Crete, Egypt, and down the Nile, back into Palestine and French Syria, and then right across North Africa to Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, to Morocco, and home via Spain. We flew down the Nile, passing over the Pyramids at Giza on to Assiut. Then came Luxor, with the Temples of Karnak and Thebes. Only from the air can one get the real idea of the outlay of the original plan of the city. In a few minutes' flying one has crossed the Nile, and is over the Valley of the

Kings. The whole picture of the oldest burial-ground in the world can be seen at a glance. At Aswan we came upon the great Dam, and from the air the Nile, from the First to the Second Cataract, appears to be one gigantic reservoir, with here and there a half-submerged temple standing in the centre of the river. It takes many days of travelling to go by boat from Aswan to Wadi Halfa at the Second Cataract. We did it, there and back, photographing all the temples en route, in 5 hours' flying. Wonderful views were obtained of Elephantine Island, with Kitchener Island in the background, so named because at one time it was his personal property." By these pioneer photographs Mr. Cobham has established a new link between archaeology and aviation, which, as he suggests, affords a valuable means of surveying the general design of ancient buildings and their precincts.

THE "PARIS" OF SOUTH AMERICA: LIFE IN BUENOS AIRES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

Sometimes the weather is very similar to that of London.

As the Argentine always dresses in black, the Englishman feels a little conspicuous at first, and certainly looks it.

There is only one place to take the air in Buenos Aires, and on every fine day the Park at Palermo is crowded. There can be seen the most enormous motor cars in the world— all hermetically sealed—the advent of a "loco Ingles (mad English)" of the gentler sex, driving an open car herself, nearly caused a revolution.

Once, and sometimes twice, a week, all Buenos Aires goes to the races at the great Hipodromo at Palermo, all the year round.

On a Winter day in the middle of August, furs and glorious brayiers are the chief note in the Jockey Club Enclosure.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU
BUENOS AIRES, S.

Dancing in public is quite a recent innovation, and is most extraordinarily popular, although the sad expression typical of the Tango dancer would hardly make one think so.

The "Mecca" of the traveller is the well-known Plaza Hotel, one of the centres of smart Buenos Aires life. The first impression of the traveller who arrives on an evening of Fiesta (and there are many), as he passes through the glittering throng of uniforms and diamonds, can be left to the imagination.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE ARGENTINE CAPITAL: SOCIAL LIFE IN BUENOS AIRES—
MOTORING, RACING, AND DANCING.

These very interesting drawings of social life in Buenos Aires, which, with the accompanying notes by the artist, are fully self-explanatory, represent the first impressions of an English visitor to the city which has been called "the Paris of South America." The appropriateness of that description is well borne out by the illustrations. Buenos Aires, whose population, according to the census of 1921,

was over 1,674,000, is the federal capital of the Republic of Argentina, under the constitution which was first set up in 1853, and was subsequently modified in 1860, 1866, and 1894. In "The Statesman's Year Book" we read: "Argentina was discovered in 1503 by Juan Diaz de Solis and Vicente Yanez Pinzon. In 1535 Don Pedro de Mendoza was sent out by the King of Spain, and in that same

[Continued opposite.

THE "PARIS" OF SOUTH AMERICA: LIFE IN BUENOS AIRES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

The President's Life Guards—Fiorse Grenadiers of San Martin—in their uniform of 1815, form a romantic contrast to the ordinary German uniform and "pickelhaube" of the Argentine Army.

On days of Fiesta. The Prussian Guard—complete with goose-step & Cadets of the "Colegio Militar," splendid in plumed "pickelhaube" and white trousers, parading on the Plaza San Martin and executing the paso de Ganzo on passing the statue of the National Hero.

Even the ordinary policeman on traffic duty wears a "Boche" helmet, but it is on "Fiesta" days that he really shines.

On Saturday morning in the "Calle Florida"—the "Rue de la Paix" of Buenos Aires—everybody who is anybody promenades up and down the narrow street.

In front of the exclusive Jockey Club the "Distinguidos"—or "Lads of the Village"—congregate and openly express their opinion of the charms and toilettes of the elegant and attractive "Chicas" who do not seem to mind in the least the outspoken admiration.

Although thousands of miles from London, there is quite a home-like touch about the annual sale at Harrods Stores.

Most reminiscent of Paris is the Great Avenida de Mayo. Its traffic, trees, cafés, kiosks, and the cosmopolitan throng which crowds the pavements, are practically a replica of Les Grands Boulevards.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

BUENOS AIRES.

THE "RUE DE LA PAIX" AND THE "GRANDS BOULEVARDS" OF BUENOS AIRES: THE CALLE FLORIDA AND THE AVENIDA DE MAYO; AND ARGENTINE CADETS DOING THE "GOOSE STEP."

Continued.]

year founded the town of Buenos Aires. On May 25, 1810, the population rose against the Spanish rule, and on July 9, 1816, Argentine independence was proclaimed. Between 1816 and 1852 was a period of anarchy, and in 1853 stable government was once more established." In London an annual dinner is held in celebration of the Argentine Independence Day, the "25 de Mayo." This year

it took place, on May 25, at the Argentine Club, with Lord Faringdon in the chair, and the Argentine Minister (Señor José E. Urriburu) referred to the friendship between his country and Britain. The present President of Argentina, Dr. Marcelo T. de Alvear, was in England in 1922. The British Minister at Buenos Aires is Sir Beilby F. Alston.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.R.]

THE BARBER-SURGEON: WHEN MAN WAS SALT, SULPHUR, AND MERCURY.

"MASTER JOHANN DIETZ." Translated by Bernard Miall.*

MASTER Johann Dietz, son of one who was "a rope-maker, and likewise a corn-chandler or forage-master, and therewith a just and deserving alderman, a pillar of the church, and a beer inspector," was born at Halle "in the year 1665, on the 18th of December, under the sign of the Virgin." As he grew in stature, his father would have employed him in the rope-walk, but he himself had no such desire. Therefore he was told one evening that he must leave home and that he must that day determine what he would become: he was over fourteen!

He prayed; and he notes: "God must then have showed me what choice to make. . . . For see this: all night I had to do with the things of the barber's calling, and I dreamed of medicine; wherefore I then resolved that this was the end to be achieved."

Thus it came that, at the cost of a bed and seventy thalers, young Johann was apprenticed to his cousin, Master Georg Schobern.

During his fortnight's trial all went well, "for one commonly petted the probationer"; then his lot was harsh. *In summa*, as he himself would have written, he did not weep bitterly when "the master died suddenly of a hot black-pudding."

He had been learning all the while, however, and, when the contagion got the upper hand and he was compelled to practise outside the city, he concocted a "plague essence" which, he affirms, proved the salvation of many, including himself.

Finally freed from his indentures, he set forth to Berlin; with him, according to contract, "a new suit made of cloth at fifteen or sixteen groschen the ell . . . six shirts and neck-cloths. *Item* ten thalers travelling money."

Inscribed on the roll of journeymen, he got work quickly. "Nevertheless, the *salarium* was bad—six groschen a week." Many customers had to be served, and silver bowl and silver flask and wallet of razors and silver-mounted knives were much in request. Then, after a year, he went to the fortress of Spandau. He was lucky. Already a pioneer—with his "plague essence"—he once more showed daring and originality. "About this time the Hungarian head-sickness mysteriously made its appearance. The learned *Doctores* ordered blood-letting and then forbade food or drink. I however, permitted no blood-letting, but let the patient drink a small glass of good wine, making use of *confortantia* and *alexipharmaca*. My patients recovered; the others died." *Confortantia* were strengthening medicines; *Alexipharmaca*, antidotes.

Then followed that very necessary part of a barber-surgeon's training: service in the field. He went to the mustering in Berlin. Friedrich Wilhelm accompanied his army to Krosse ("for he was indeed a great lover of soldiers") and there left them. Dietz is sarcastic—or innocent! "The beneficent Elector, like a loving and valiant hero, took leave of us all in front of the troops, with tears, moreover, and said: 'Now march off, children, in God's name! I shall not see all of you again!' And so, indeed, it fell out. Of twelve thousand men, not counting their wives, children and servants, or independent persons, less than three thousand returned."

Like the others, Dietz had a bad enough time. Privation and sickness were his, and peril from Turkish bullets and bombs, and the bouncing cannon-balls from Ofen which struck the slopes of the powder-magazine and rolled off backwards; to say nothing of sabre charges by the enemy cavalry;

brimstone, powder, stink-bags, mines, and the "miasma" from the dead. Yet he won through—and, incidentally, cured himself of dysentery by eating a hatful of pickled gherkins. "Inside me, everything went cold," he says, describing the immediate effect; but, he slept and awoke recovered. "This is well worth noting," he says, "that what Nature craves for with inordinate desire is her medicine! . . . However, I can hardly copy this prescription into my prescription book, much as a certain doctor wrote: 'Sauerkraut for fever'!"

He saw slaughter and ghastly wounds; massacres, flayings and mutilations; terrible suffering and great heroism; victory and defeat; the ravaged countryside; war on women and children; plundering and pilfering; but was of a mind to end his narrative on

and the conclusion that deafness caused by gunfire may be cured by liberal blood-letting!

Back at Hamburg, he fell in with a regimental surgeon of the Northern Dragoons, in the service of the King of Denmark, and was persuaded to go to "Ütersen," where he was billeted in a barber's house. Of his practice there, he notes one special incident. Lieut.-General Demini, having been entertained lavishly, fell backwards down a step while he was bowing his thanks, and received an extensive wound in the head. Dietz treated him thus: "In the first place I opened a vein in the right arm and let the blood flow freely. After this I shaved his head and bandaged his wound; and then they had to bring me living hens, in which I made a long incision and then tore them clean in two; and these I laid, with blood and all, on his head, and this I did so often as the hens grew cold. I also gave him several doses of *spiritum salis ammoniaci anisatum* and *pulverem antispasmodicum*. Finally, I made frequent applications of poultices of cabbage boiled in wine."

A little later and the desire for home was too strong to resist. Dietz returned to Halle, only to find the jealousy of his rivals so strong that he had to leave if he were to live. Out of this came his appointment as Court and Travelling Barber to the Grand Duke Christian the Elder, administrator of the Bishopric of Merseburg, which he held for a year or so and then went, in turn, to Leipzig and to Breslau, where, he writes, "I had an excellent situation, and amongst other things made perukes," and where he expounded his *philosophia*.

And after Breslau, a second Court, that of Karl Philipp, Margrave of Brandenburg, Grand Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in Sonnenburg, where Dietz had much success in curing dysentery—not this time by pickled gherkins, but by *dosis rhabarbata*, and "after this they had to drink great quantities of hot tea, etc., etc." Out of this came the privilege of opening a Court Barber's saloon in Halle. The Margrave recommended to his Grand Ducal Highness; and orders were given to the Corporation of Barbers to make Dietz a member of their Guild and appoint his hours of practice. But the Barbers' Guild was not content. It did not care to increase the number allotted by custom, even though the local population had been augmented by the inauguration of King Frederick's University. It worked its will, and the newcomer received orders to take in his barber's basin. The quarrel was long and bitter; but Dietz fought gamely and determinedly, and at last he was victor, even becoming Guildmaster. All this with continual accusation, friction and unpleasantness, and in the midst of home difficulties.

Of such is the professional and domestic story of Master Johann Dietz—"The faithful Description of his Life, Written by himself, Relating

all that he endured in the Campaign against the Turks, in the Arctic Ocean, in German cities and countryside, among Soldiers, Robbers and peaceful Citizens, Young Maidens and Apparitions: he finally settling down in Halle, his native City, where he married two Wives, and all that he suffered in this World." The whole is most intriguing, and it is very good that it should have been disinterred from the Royal Library in Berlin—in 1914—and now set forth in English; for as a frank, naive, light-hearted, yet serious record, it is a distinct addition to our knowledge of its period and to our abilities to sum up the barber-surgeon of the day as represented by one whose belief was that man, and everything else in the world, is composed of nothing more than salt, sulphur, and mercury. Most certainly, Johann Dietz, the barber, well earned his right to the blue and red striped surgeon's pole—blue for the venous blood, red for the arterial blood, and the white thread to symbolise the bandage!

E. H. G.



ANIMAL SCULPTURE FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: A GOLD-COVERED LION HEAD FROM ONE OF THE ROYAL COUCHES.

This is a new photograph of one of the exquisitely carved heads on the lion-headed couch found in the ante-chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb. It is of wood covered with gesso and overlaid with thin gold. The eyes are inlaid and the nose is made of lapis lazuli.

The "Times" World Copyright Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Expedition; Lent by Courtesy of the Trustees and the Director of the Egyptian Department.

a casual note: "Amongst other matters, it is worthy to remark that there are three warm baths at Ofen . . . there is a bathroom of running water in every house."

So, back to Berlin and thence to travel in search of fresh employment, which he found at Bohm but gave up in order to become regimental surgeon at Itzehoe, in Holstein, under the King of Denmark. Here he was offered an ensigncy and refused it; and, in the fortress of Crempe, he gained further experience of wounds. Also, he was stationed at Oldesloe, a pass between the Trave and the marshes, leading to Lübeck and Hamburg; and at length at Copenhagen.

After that he returned to Hamburg, and from there, by way of Rotterdam, he went a-whaling in the Arctic Ocean, at twelve thalers a month, with free board and accommodation that was to be distinctly uneasy and to include lashing to the mast in storm-torn seas. Best results: French wine containing grated horse-radish an apparent preventive of scurvy,

* "Master Johann Dietz, Surgeon in the Army of the Great Elector and Barber to the Royal Court." From the Old Manuscript in the Royal Library of Berlin. Translated by Bernard Miall. First Published by Dr. Ernst Consentius. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net.)

A PHARAOH'S GOLDEN CHARIOT: HOW TUTANKHAMEN DAZZLED THEBES.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION;
LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



"THE KING IN THE FORM OF A SPHINX TRAMPLING UPON HIS ENEMIES . . . ALTERNATING ASIATIC AND AFRICAN CAPTIVES": INTERIOR DECORATION OF ONE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S GOLDEN STATE CHARIOTS.



RICHLY ENCRUSTED GOLD-WORK: DETAILS OF THE AXLE OF A STATE CHARIOT.



ANOTHER PART OF THE RICHLY DECORATED CHARIOT AXLE: DETAILS OF THE ENCRUSTED GOLD-WORK.



"THE SEMITIC CAST OF COUNTENANCE OF THE ASIATICS AND THE NEGROID FEATURES OF THE AFRICANS ARE REMARKABLE": A CONTINUATION OF THE DESIGN SHOWN IN THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.

"The two state chariots," says a recent official account in the "Times," "are completely overlaid with sheet gold inlaid with glass and stones, and ornamented with artistic designs. One of them is particularly fine. . . . Within, running round the frame at the base is a broad panel, also of sheet gold, with embossed figures in low relief. At either end of it is the King, depicted in the form of a sphinx trampling upon his enemies, who are represented by a series of alternating Asiatic and African captives, each with his arms bound. . . . The wheels are covered with gold, and the axles are richly encrusted. . . . The gold-work has

been cleaned. The wonderful lifelike embossed work is now more striking than ever; the typical Semitic cast of countenance of the Asiatics and the characteristically negroid features of the Africans are remarkable. . . . "Looking at these two chariots, with their gold-covered bodies and wheels sparkling and glistening in the sunshine, one could readily believe that when, arrayed in gala splendour, the King drove in such a vehicle through the streets of Thebes or Tel el Amarna, he must have appeared to his subjects in a blaze of dazzling, almost of supernatural, light, fully in keeping with his claim to kinship with the prevailing deity."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



Two travelling coats of fleece designed and carried out by Burberrys', Haymarket, S.W.

FOR most members of our sex the holidays are delightful trials. The youngsters are the jolliest things about the house; but their wants are never-ending. They are, when over ten, great electricians and enthusiasts for wireless. The common or garden toy that gladdened their hearts at that age a decade ago is now regarded with contempt. An added attraction to these young enquirers into electricity, both boy and girl, is that, so far as knowledge is concerned, the children are the fathers and mothers of the parents, and instruct them about all sorts of odds and ends of the queer ways of wireless. It is not an inexpensive hobby, for there are many appliances, and Daddy is assured that he could hear much better if Bobbie had a loud-speaker, and it only costs a few shillings; so Bobbie gets his loud-speaker and a good many more things besides. Parents are inordinately proud of this scientific thirst for acquirement on the part of their youngsters. A professor of science, after seeing a small boy's plant and all he could do with it from A to Z, asked for the cause of the various effects! Oh, what a falling off was there! The little chap knew no more about it than a mouse does about the ocean. Bobbie, however, told his pals that the professor was a regular old rotter, wanting to know why what he could see and hear was there!

For two mornings the autocrats were absent from the breakfast-table. People were just beginning to experience the possibility of thinking for themselves, when back came our daily admonitors—the papers—and once again we have fallen into discussing everything and thinking most things as directed by our favourite "daily." One big house party, inspired by one of its members who had found that a successful paper in Spain was run by a number of paragraphs put into a hat and printed as they were drawn out, decided to do likewise. A house-party paper was prepared for Boxing Day, which started hilariously. The opening paragraph ran, "The King is a good gentleman and deserved his dinner, so we hope he liked it, and that it liked him, and that the Queen enjoyed seeing him eat it." I don't attempt to reproduce the spelling, which was that of the youngest hope of the house. The paper was a great success; but the friend of the family who acted as editor had to suppress some indiscretions, such as how soon Mr. Barkis would propose for Miss Willing; and as

to how Auntie M. reddened her lips and pinkened her cheeks and made her eyebrows, and how she had to have a looking-glass at each side as well as one in front to do it properly. There were also remarks such as "Daddy says Mr. Oldbear is such a damned bad shot he can't be given a good place," or "Mummy told Miss X that Henrietta G. was a designing hussy, and was vexed when I asked what she designs, and told me inquisitiveness was bad-mannered." One small boy's philosophy was thus expressed: "Christmas is now as far off as ever it can be; but the pudding and mince-pies are not all eaten, and there are other people's puddings and mince-pies, and lots of chocolates, too. If they don't last until next Christmas, we must do as best we can"! It will therefore be seen that the house-party paper did not wholly neglect the commissariat department.

The New Year, a nice, untried little thing, is full of all kinds of possibilities. The bogey of it is the Capital Levy, and someone says it couldn't be worse than the Income Tax, which is a capital levy, and that we can't have both. The interest of it is that a triangle is an unworkable thing in Parliament, and when the parts are unequal it becomes impossible, and so we are all agape to see what we shall see. "Hope springs eternal," as says the poet, and so it may be, and one believes it will be, that out of the *impasse* of this young year will spring something to make it memorable and good. If leaders will only think of the country's good, and seek peace and ensue it, and forget Party struggles for power and place—as Mr. Baldwin forgot when he entered on his glorious failure—the young year will grow strong and lusty for our Empire, and we shall find it a really happy one.

The State Opening of Parliament will be the first Court function of the year. It will be of special interest, and the House of Lords, to which many eyes are turned in hope and confidence, is sure to be well represented. One tall, stalwart figure will be missed, the late Duke of Somerset, whose seat was next to that of the royal Duke of York. The Duke of Norfolk will not be of age for five years from May. The new Duke of Somerset is the second peer of that rank in precedence. He is not a well-known man, but is a very distinguished soldier, and has the C.B., C.M.G., and K.B.E. His son, now Lieut.-Colonel Lord Edward St. Maur, since the dukedom has no secondary title, is also a distinguished soldier, having the D.S.O. and the O.B.E. He served in South Africa as well as in the European War. He is married and has a son of thirteen and a daughter. The King's Speech will be awaited with special eagerness this year.

The new Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, spent Christmas at York Cottage, Sandringham, as the guests of the King and Queen. Their children, Lady May Cambridge and Viscount Trematon, were with them. Lord Trematon, who will be seventeen in August, will not accompany his parents. He will remain here under the charge of his aunt, the Queen, and will go from Eton to Sandhurst, as he is for the Army. Match-makers destine Prince Olaf of Norway and Lady May Cambridge for each other, and read a matrimonial significance into their Christmas meeting at Sandringham. They are a most delightful, bright, happy and handsome couple, but they are "over young to marry yet."

The Duchess of Atholl, M.P., and Lady Terrington, M.P., belong at the State Opening of Parliament to the Upper House. By the vote of the people in their respective constituencies, they now belong to the Faithful Commons, who are not so

comfortably accommodated on these formal occasions. Viscountess Astor, M.P., is a precedent, and up to now has appeared in her place among Viscountesses in the Upper House at State Openings. Doubtless her Grace of Atholl and Lady Terrington will do the same. Those Peeresses who have remarried to commoners have no seats on such occasions. Whatever they may decide to do as regards keeping their title, there is no doubt in the Lord Chamberlain's department, where they are at once registered as "Mrs.," and where privileges of their first husbands' rank are taken from them.

What is the year going to bring in the way of revival of trade? Those outspoken people who know say smooth things. During Christmas the common or garden shopper was much mystified. Heads of departments of great West End houses well-nigh wept at the small amount of business doing. Yet ocular demonstration showed brisk buying; lots of things personally wanted were early sold out. In every paper one took up were accounts of masses of people in the shops. The shopping thoroughfares were all uncomfortably congested. Railway companies said they had transported more stuff than within the memory of the elder members of their staffs. It seemed rather confusing to the ordinary mind. A veteran sized it up thus: "I've known them many a Christmas and through many a season. Only one here and there would acknowledge that trade was good. One and all acted on the principle that only the best was good enough for their own way of living, and so, my dear, I conclude that they possess the valuable secret of knowing how to live luxuriously on their losses!"

The new American Ambassador will arrive in time for the State Opening of Parliament, which will give him a fine impression of our monarchical ceremonies. Walter Hines Page, one of America's great men, took a deep interest in all these things, and found they had a beneficial influence on the lives of British people because of their traditional origin. He was an American of Americans, but he liked and admired our British characteristics even when he could not agree with them. Mr. Kellogg and Mrs. Kellogg are unknown quantities to most of us. They are assured of the warmest and friendliest of welcomes.

A. E. L.



A large collar of nutria adds the finishing touch to the graceful coat of black velour on the left; and the beautiful model on the right is of moleskin. They hail from Burberrys'.

Accomplished Equestrians.



The Precipice Riders of the Italian Army.

"CLINGING like flies to a wall!" The pure bred steeds of Italy's cavalry, ridden by some of the most intrepid horsemen who ever donned a King's uniform, frequently negotiate declivities forty feet high and almost perpendicular.

Feeling their way down with surer foot than the mule, and with an adhesion which seems to defy all the laws of gravity, these horses are the amazement of everyone who has seen them. Sometimes they do lose their nerve, and when twenty feet from the bottom.....jump. Then the rider has to know how to fall!

Not very utilitarian, perhaps, in these days of long-range guns and tanks... but mighty fine horsemanship, for all that!

"Green Stripe" is a perfect blend of Scotland's finest whiskies, having as a basis world-renowned Speyside Malts. When you require a whisky mellow and matured, of superfine quality,

The Correct Call
is always

**'GREEN
STRIPE'
WHISKY**

Fashions and Fancies.

Powder and Perfume.

Every discriminating woman knows the alluring shop window of Floris, 89, Jermyn Street, W., and is yet more familiar with the fragrant productions of this celebrated *parfumeur*. The famous Roman Hyacinth and Mal-maison, with their exotic perfumes which defy analysis, and the delicate Tea Rose and Chypre scents, appeal to every taste, and the Floris Eau de Cologne is absolutely pure, and can be utilised with the greatest benefit on the skin, preventing chapped hands and other annoying blemishes. Beautiful scent-sprays and powder-bowls are other specialities of Floris, and the fastidious woman who never errs in these matters should pay an early visit and revel in the artistic offerings.



Fascinating and novel frivolities for the toilet table are always to be found at Floris's.

A Sale at Burberrys'.

No time should be lost before applying to Burberrys', Haymarket, S.W., for the illustrated booklet giving full details of their Winter Sale, which is now in progress and continues until the end of February. Men's, women's and children's motoring, weatherproof, and racing coats are all reduced to practically half price, and a glance through the booklet will quickly show that the prospective shopper will secure real bargains at exceptionally advantageous prices.

Notable Bargains at Debenham's.

The great January Sale at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., begins on Jan. 7 and continues for two weeks only, so the many bargains they are offering must be secured quickly. There are handsome fur ties, originally costing 6½ to 10 guineas,

marked down to 98s. 6d., and model fur coats available for 98 guineas, reduced from 135 to 198 guineas. Furthermore, a wonderful chinchilla coat, normally costing £4500, is actually being offered at £950, a really amazing opportunity which is not likely to recur. On the second floor there are sports coats and jumpers of every description at the very special price of 15s. 6d., and suits and dresses can be secured for 42s.; while on the ground floor distinctive costumes of wool and silk are obtainable for 52s. 6d. Long velour coats with fashionable shawl collars of



Who can withstand the alluring invitation of Floris' attractive shop window at 89, Jermyn Street, W.

fur are 7½ guineas. Hand-made crêpe-de-Chine nightdresses will change ownership at the very reduced price of 29s. 6d., and 200 fascinating boudoir caps are to be drastically reduced to the merely nominal figure of 5s. each!

Harrods' One-Week Sale.

An early visit to Harrods' Sale (Knightsbridge, S.W.) is essential, for it lasts for one week only, beginning on Monday next, from 9 a.m. to 6.30 daily.

There the enterprising bargain-hunter will find beautiful moleskin wraps, unusually large, reduced to 49 guineas from 69 guineas, and full-length sable brown gazelle coats marked down to 12 guineas; while whole-skin blue wolf ties originally priced at £12 12s. are to be sold for 9½ guineas. Then there are 150 woollen coats and skirts ranging from 30s. to 60s., practically half their original cost, and graceful full-length wrap-over velour coats for 57s. 6d. Girls' mackintoshes can be secured for 13s. 6d., and top-opening bags of polished crocodile grain leather for 9s. 6d. Useful Treasury Note cases of crushed calf are being almost given away at 1s. 11d.; and there are 500 cloche velour hats offered at 10s. 6d. each. Tremendous reductions have also taken place in the Shoe Department, and neat Oxford models of nigger glacé kid can be obtained for 18s. 9d. a pair.

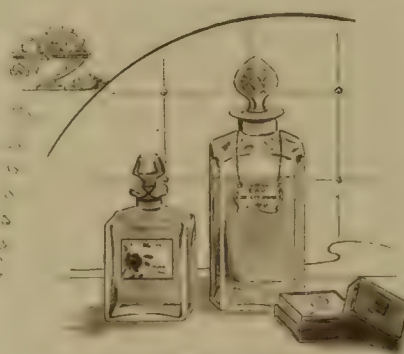
Throughout January.

The keen bargain-hunter must be sure to visit Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, during their sale, which is now in progress. There are handsome brocaded chiffon velvet tea-gowns boasting rounded trains for 6½ guineas, and others of georgette edged with marabout for 8½ guineas. Velour coats, prettily tucked, are only 65s.; and there is a vast choice of jumpers in artificial silk and velveteen for 49s. 6d. Everything for children's wear has been reduced in the same drastic manner.

A Sale to Remember.

Wonderful reductions in every department are the salient features of Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.) sale, which began on Monday, December 31.

Lovely French and Belgian hand-made lawn nightdresses can be obtained for 13s. 9d., and those of crêpe-de-Chine and lace, with pretty bib fronts, are 29s. 6d. Chemise and knickers to match are priced at 21s. 9d. There are useful princess slips of satin for 19s. 11d., and poplin petticoats (fitting large figures) at 7s. 9d. Wonderful tea-gowns for 49s. 6d., and handsome models of chiffon velvet for £5 19s. 6d., are other gilt-edged investments which must not be missed.



Rose petals are not more fragrant than the perfumes and powder of Floris.



BY APPOINTMENT

CARRINGTON & CO. Ltd.

Court Jewellers,
130, Regent St., London, W.1

FIRST SALE

IN 150 YEARS.

The rebuilding of their premises necessitates a reduction of stock, and it has therefore been decided to offer the exceptionally choice collection of Pearl necklaces, Ropes, loose Pearls and other Jewels, Antique and Modern Silver and Electro Plate at

A Reduction of 20 per cent off marked prices for cash only.

An opportunity is thus offered of securing valuable Jewels, Silver Presentation Plate, etc., at prices never likely to recur.

Why not equip yourself with a Self-filling "Swan" — the pen which will help you always?

You can fill your "Swan" instantly at any ink supply and write your letters with perfect ease.

SOLD BY STATIONERS & JEWELLERS



Size 2.
Self-filling
"Swan."
Covered 18 ct.
rolled gold,
50/-

"SWAN"

FOUNTAINS

Self-filling Type from 15/-
Other "Swans" from 10/6

LIST POST FREE.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House,
133 and 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Branches: 79 and 80 High Holborn, W.C.1;
97 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95a Regent Street, W.1.



TROCADERO GAME BIRD SERIES

The pheasant's original home was on the borders of the Black Sea. It may be that Lucullus, Roman General and patron of all gourmets, discovered its virtues during his Armenian Campaigns. A reasonable surmise, since its introduction into Britain is generally ascribed to Roman enterprise. In any case, it is safe to presume that even Lucullus in all his glory never enjoyed pheasant so attractively prepared as "Faisan en Casserole à la Souvaroff" after the manner of the Trocadero.



"FLUSHED."

Drawn by J. C. HARRISON

Trocadero

LONDON'S PREMIER RESTAURANT,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS,

W. 1.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

J. PRITCHARD (New Southgate).—The key move and one of the variations you give for No. 3920 are correct, but in the principal variation 3. K takes P will not do, on account of Black's reply, 2. —, K to Kt 6th.

N. LYNN (Yeadon, Leeds).—Your proposed solution if No. 3920 is met by 1. —, Kt to K 5th (ch); 2. Q takes Kt, K to Kt 6th; and no mate follows.

J. M. K. LUTON (Richmond).—We are sorry you have had such trouble but hope you will soon get the problem put right.

A. A. HUME (Torquay).—There is a two-mover of yours to which we have given much consideration, but have at last come to the conclusion it is too slight for our use. We should be glad to see further examples of your work.

ARTHUR MOSELEY and W. A. SMITH (Brisbane, Queensland).—Your kindly greeting is heartily reciprocated, and we are quoting from your charming Christmas card for the benefit of our solvers in our next issue.

REV. W. SCOTT, J. M. K. LUTON, L. W. CAFFERATA, H. W. SATOW, C. B. S., and many other correspondents are thanked for their seasonable compliments and good wishes.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. E. G. SERGEANT and HERBERT JACOBS. (Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th P to Q 4th
2. P takes P Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th Q takes P
4. P to Q B 4th Q to K 5th (ch)

The wisdom of this is more than doubtful. It only serves to bring out White's pieces, and leaves the Queen an object of further attack.

5. K Kt to K 2nd P to K 4th
6. Q Kt to B 3rd Q to B 4th
7. Kt to Kt 3rd Q to K 3rd
8. P to Q 5th Q to Kt 3rd

Five out of Black's first eight moves have now been made by one piece. What development is possible under such circumstances?

9. B to K 2nd K B to B 4th
10. Castles B to Q 2nd
11. Kt to K 4th B takes Kt
12. Q takes B (ch) P to B 3rd
13. B to B 3rd Castles
14. B to Kt 5th Kt to K sq
15. Kt to K 4th

White's combination of his forces runs very smoothly. Almost every move of his opponent is now forced.

15. P takes P
16. Kt takes B Q takes Kt
17. B takes P Kt to Q B 3rd
18. B takes Kt P takes B
Q takes B loses by 19. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 20. B to K 7th, etc;

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3917 and 3918 received from H. F. Marker (India); of No. 3919 from Rev. A. D. Meares (Baltimore); and of No. 3920 from Henry Knoph (Fredrikstad, Norway), A. Edmeston (Worsley), H. Heshmat (Cairo), J. M. K. LUTON (Richmond), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), Dr. Antonio Rovere (Trieste), A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), E. Pinckney (Dunfield), R. B. Pearce (Happisburg) and J. Pritchard (New Southgate).

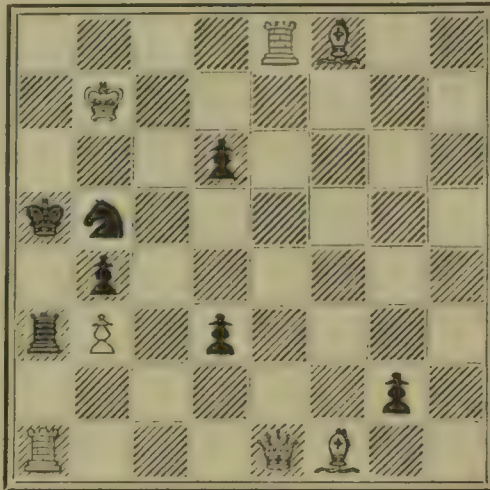
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3921 received from H. W. Satow (Bangor), C. H. Watson (Masham), H. Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), J. P. S. (Cricklewood), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham) and J. Hunter (Leicester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3920.—By A. NEWMAN.

WHITE BLACK
1. Q to K 5th Kt takes R
2. Q to K Kt 5th Kt to K Kt 6th
3. Q to Q B 5th (mate).
If 1. — Kt to K 5th; 2. R to B sq (ch), K to K 6th; 3. Q takes Kt (mate).

A simple little stratagem, with just sufficient point to merit publication. It is, however, of a type we hope to use freely to encourage many of our two-move solvers to extend the sphere either of their skill or their affections, which are at present confined to too narrow a circle.

The Editor would be glad to receive contributions of original two- and three-move problems for publication.

PROBLEM No. 3922.—By DR. A. ROVERE (TRIESTE).
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the Handicap Tourney of the British Correspondence Chess Association, between Messrs. C. S. ASHLEY and A. H. TOLLIT. (Ginoco Piano Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd B to B 4th
5. Castles P to Q 3rd
6. B to K Kt 5th P to K R 3rd
7. B to R 4th P to K Kt 4th
8. B to K Kt 3rd P to K R 4th

A brilliant brevity. White paid the penalty of impetuosity; but due honour should be rendered to the charming finish furnished by Black's final combination.

The following further results in the Hamilton Russell Cup Competition are announced: Savile, 3, v. Athenaeum, 3; Automobile, 5, v. Savile, 1; National Liberal, 5, v. Reform, 1.

Mr. Frank Hollings announces the early publication of a new work by Mr. Alfred Emery entitled, "Chess Sacrifices and Traps" (with a note on "New Ideas"), which, to judge by the prospectus, promises to be of unusual interest.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 30s.) attains its fiftieth year with the new edition for 1924. The information under each biographical entry has been amplified to include the place of education and the number of sons and daughters. Another notable feature of the present issue is the number of prominent business men whose names occur in the book. It gives biographical particulars of over 30,000 people holding rank or position of an official, social, or commercial kind, and its arrangement in a single alphabetical list makes it especially convenient for reference. Much tabular information is also given, including a useful list of Foreign Ministers and Consuls in London, with the names of their staffs, and of British Ministers abroad.

So much interest was aroused by the series of coloured illustrations and descriptions of various makes of cars which were to be found in every packet of "Waverley" cigarettes, that the manufacturers have been encouraged to prepare a series devoted to motor-cycles on the same lines. Fifty of the leading machines have been selected for the new series, and a card descriptive of one of them will from now onward be found in each packet. The series forms a complete and unique record of motor-cycle construction which many will desire to possess. They are not only interesting but instructive.

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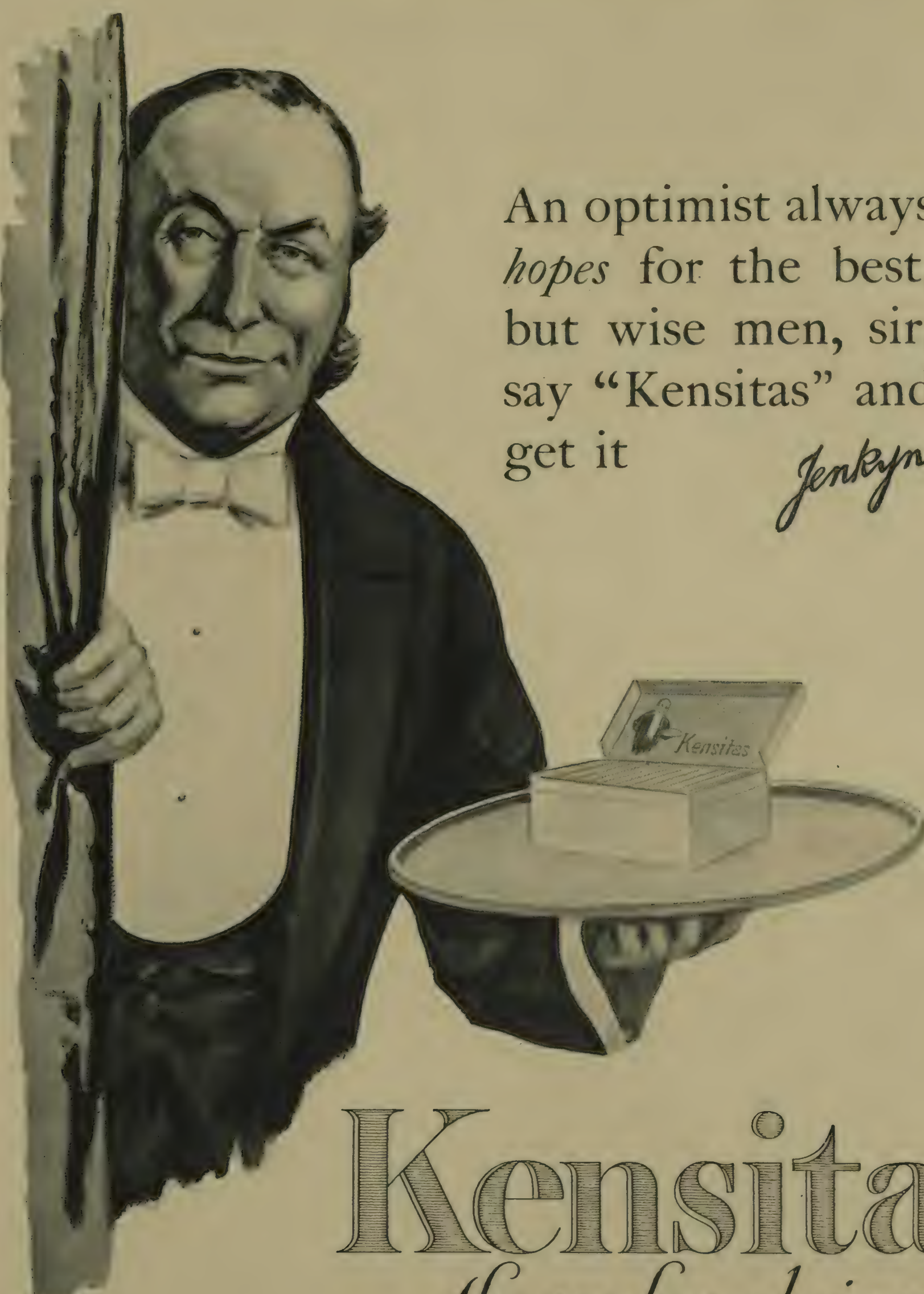
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

PANTOMIME AT THE LYCEUM AND PALLADIUM.

KING PANTOMIME no longer exercises his old undisputed sway during the holiday season, but he still maintains a footing at two West End houses and in some of our suburban theatres. The Lyceum remains faithful to him, relying this year on the legend of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and adhering, with the help of its librettist, Mr. Leedham Bantock, to the traditional combination of fantasy, spectacle, speciality displays, and broad humour. That most capable actress, Miss Sybil Arundale, is the Jack of the story, a very gallant-looking and spirited hero; Mr. Raymond Wood makes a dully grotesque thing of the Giant; there are several droll animal turns; the Boganny Troupe, Messrs. Jackley and Attree, and other comedians keep the fun going; and the dancing and ballets are once again up to the best Lyceum form. At the Palladium Mr. Gulliver provides a picturesque version of the tale of "Dick Whittington," and has made sure of success in advance with a cast of old favourites, among whom are Miss Nellie Wallace, Miss Clarice Mayne, Miss Hilda Glyder, and Mr. Harry Weldon. The suburban shows include "The Babes" at Hammersmith and "Ali Baba" at Wimbledon.

"ALMOND EYE." AT THE SCALA.

There are the makings of a delightful entertainment in "Almond Eye," the musical play at the Scala for which Mr. Farren Soutar and Mr. Arthur Veasey have furnished a plot, and Mr. Frederick Rosse a score; but it suffers from the uncommon disadvantage of having too much plot and too little music. The scenery and Chinese costumes designed for this

variant on the "Aladdin" fable are not only lavish, but really beautiful; while the cast includes artists as accomplished as Miss Gracie Leigh, Miss Lilian Davies, Mr. Hubert Eisdell, Miss Hilda Antony, Mr.

Ivan Berlyn, Miss Dorothy Lane, Mr. Pauncefort, and Mr. Soutar himself. There are a few musical opportunities for Miss Davies, but she should have more, especially as she has still much to learn about acting, and scarcely suggests a Chinese heroine. There is too much dialogue, indeed, in the show, and a number of its scenes might be eliminated to its general advantage. Miss Gracie Leigh, with her sense of humour, helps the piece along; but it stands in need of rather severe revision. Less "drama," more fun, and more songs and concerted numbers might yet shape

it into the success its setting deserves that it should be.

"MADAME POMPADOUR." AT DALY'S.

From the spectacular point of view, "Madame Pompadour" makes a gorgeous show at Daly's; with the Louis Quinze setting of its story, it gives its scenic artists and costumiers and designers something definite and harmonious to achieve, and they achieve it quite brilliantly. The royal favourite's saloon, her porcelain factory, the École Militaire, all furnish opportunities of recalling a famous and picturesque era of which full advantage is taken in detail and in mass. The librettists of this Viennese operetta in their turn have even tried to indicate in their choice of scenes some of the historical aspects of their heroine—perhaps a little superfluously, since their main business and that of their composer, after all, is to handle the conventional love tangle so essential in this type of entertainment, and concentrate on such situations as the King's discovery of a rival in the Pompadour's apartments. But they are not too strenuous in their pursuit of history, and enable their leading lady to enjoy a royal share in the regulation solos, duets, and concerted numbers of operetta, and so to provide a Daly's audience with what it wants in the way of bright turns and sentimental music. As for the representative of La Pompadour, Miss Evelyn Laye looks as pretty as a piece of Louis Quinze porcelain; she has dainty, coquettish little ways, and she sings attractively, especially her little song of "Madame Potiphar." She has the best of support from Mr. Derek Oldham, in excellent voice, and from Mr. Bertram Wallis, almost too handsome a King; and the humour of the play is safe in Mr. Huntley Wright's experienced hands. So that everything is well at Daly's, and "Madame Pompadour" has obviously come to stay, following the customary and pleasing habit of Daly's Theatre productions.

AN AVOWED MURDERESS ACQUITTED IN PARIS: GERMAINE BERTON—A PORTRAIT SKETCH IN COURT DURING THE TRIAL.

From a Drawing by
L. de Fleurac.



THE ASTOUNDING ACQUITTAL OF GERMAINE BERTON (SEATED ON LEFT), WHO MURDERED M. MARIUS PLATEAU: MAÎTRE TORRÈS, COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE, ADDRESSING THE SEINE ASSIZE COURT.

The acquittal and release of Germaine Berton (the young anarchist who admittedly shot dead M. Marius Plateau in the offices of the Royalist paper, "L'Action Française," last January, and only regretted that she had not killed his chief, M. Léon Daudet), while causing jubilation among Communists, has rightly been denounced elsewhere as a flagrant perversion of justice and an encouragement to similar crimes. Her counsel argued that her act was not against the individual, but the organisation he represented.—[Photograph by Rol, supplied by C.N.]



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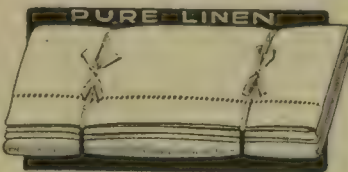
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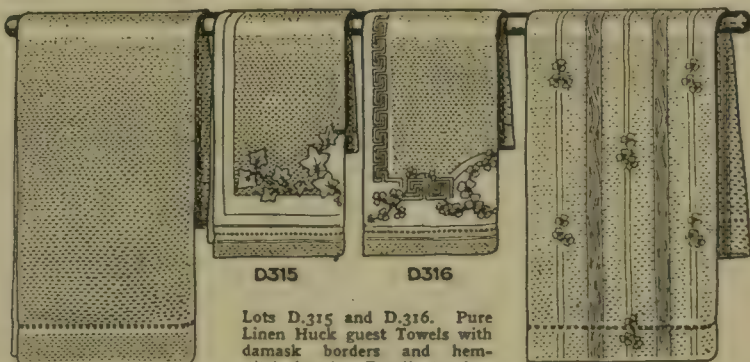
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Lot 2195. Bedspread embroidered on heavy Irish linen. Very special value. 72 x 100 in. Sale Price, each **47/9** 90 x 108 in. Sale Price, each **68/6**

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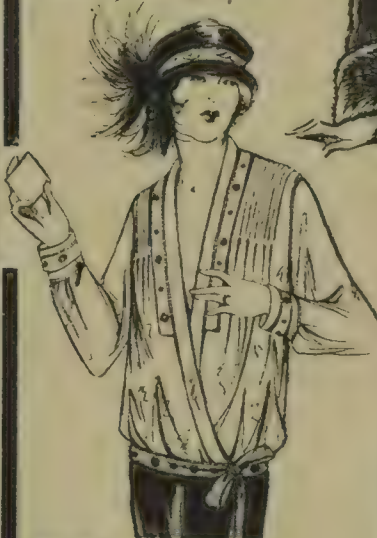
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Useless Traffic Signals.

The Royal Scottish Auto Club has issued to its members and others concerned a notice dealing with traffic signals, and has circulated at the same time a booklet approved by the Home Office setting

reversal of the Home Office's attitude. I quite agree that certain signals are very necessary. It is even more necessary that the signals used by the police for traffic-control purposes should be universal, instead of every police authority in the country having its own scheme, differing from that in use in other places. But the signals to be used by drivers are another matter. They should be as few and as simple as possible; but the A.A. idea is involved, inasmuch as it recommends two or three which are quite useless and redundant and tend to make confusion worse confounded.

Four-Wheel Brakes and Control.

In a recent police-court case a motorist, summoned for driving through a village at forty miles an hour, pleaded in defence that as his car was equipped with four-wheel brakes he had it under exceptional control.

The police evidence was that he actually did pull up in thirty yards when signalled to stop, so the Bench, in fining him, announced that his license would not be endorsed. This

decision is interesting as far as it goes, because it demonstrates that there are Benches which consider the actual probable danger arising out of speed through populated places, and do not convict arbitrarily on a fixed assessment, so to say. What I mean is that they do not argue that the danger of forty miles an hour is equal under all circumstances. But I do not think such a decision as this ought to be regarded as a precedent, or to be taken to mean that motorists whose cars are braked all round are at liberty to drive through towns at speeds which would be rightly considered as dangerous in the case of others whose cars are more conventionally equipped as regards their brakes.

A well-known writer in a contemporary makes

the point that it is not at all improbable that in some cases the possession of front-wheel brakes will be taken by police and magistrates to be an incentive to rely upon rapid deceleration rather than on careful and decent driving. From that he goes on to argue that in such cases conviction will follow as a matter of course. I am not at all certain that he is not right in his deduction. We know that if one is driving a car of the super-sports type, with racing body and straight-through exhaust, and has the ill-luck to be summoned for excessive speed or driving to the common danger, the odds are heavily in favour of conviction and a swingeing fine—far bigger than if one had been at the wheel of a more sedate type of vehicle, even though the speed had been higher. At any rate, it bears thinking about.

A Dynamo Note.

It has often struck me that the average owner-driver pays but scant attention to the electrical equipment of his car. As a rule, this is really due to ignorance of applied electricity and the manner of dealing with little troubles as they arise. I recollect



A NOTABLE TOURING CAR: THE 30-98 H.P. VAUXHALL "VELOX."

forth suggestions for a code of signals and the manner of their use. I dealt with this precious code fully some months ago. The author of it appears to have been the Automobile Association. The Home Office accepted it in all good faith as emanating from an organisation which presumably knew its business. Since then the R.A.C. and other authorities have pronounced against it, and I think very rightly. Why the R.S.A.C. should have spontaneously adopted the rôle of godfather to this compilation in face of the fact that it has been opposed by practically all the rest of the motoring organisations, the motoring Press, and practically every writer on automobile topics, passes comprehension. There must surely have been a mistake somewhere.

It is fortunate that the Home Office has no power, or apparently has none, to make a regulation that these signals shall be compulsory in use. All it has done is to recommend them, and it is very much to be hoped that the opposition to them will cause a



WHERE MOTOR-CARS ARE STILL A NOVELTY: A CROSSLEY IN JAVA ATTRACTS AN INTERESTED CROWD ON ENTERING A VILLAGE.

one day being busy on re-wiring the switchboard of a car I owned at the time, when a friend—an experienced motorist, too—came in. When he saw what I was doing, he expressed almost horror that I should dare

(Continued overleaf.)

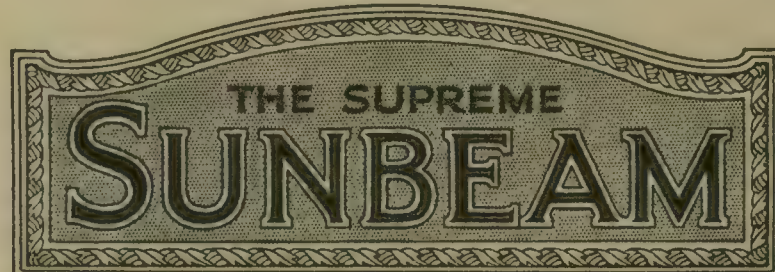


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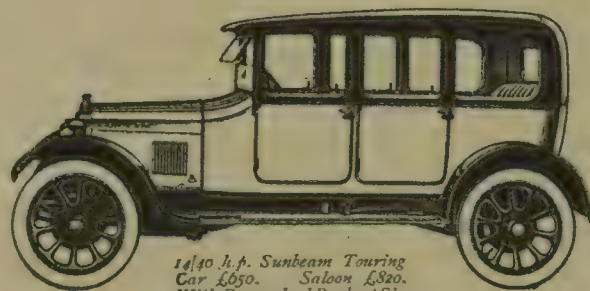
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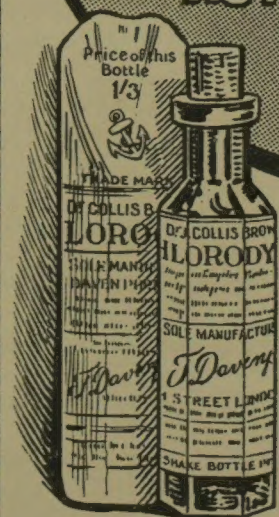


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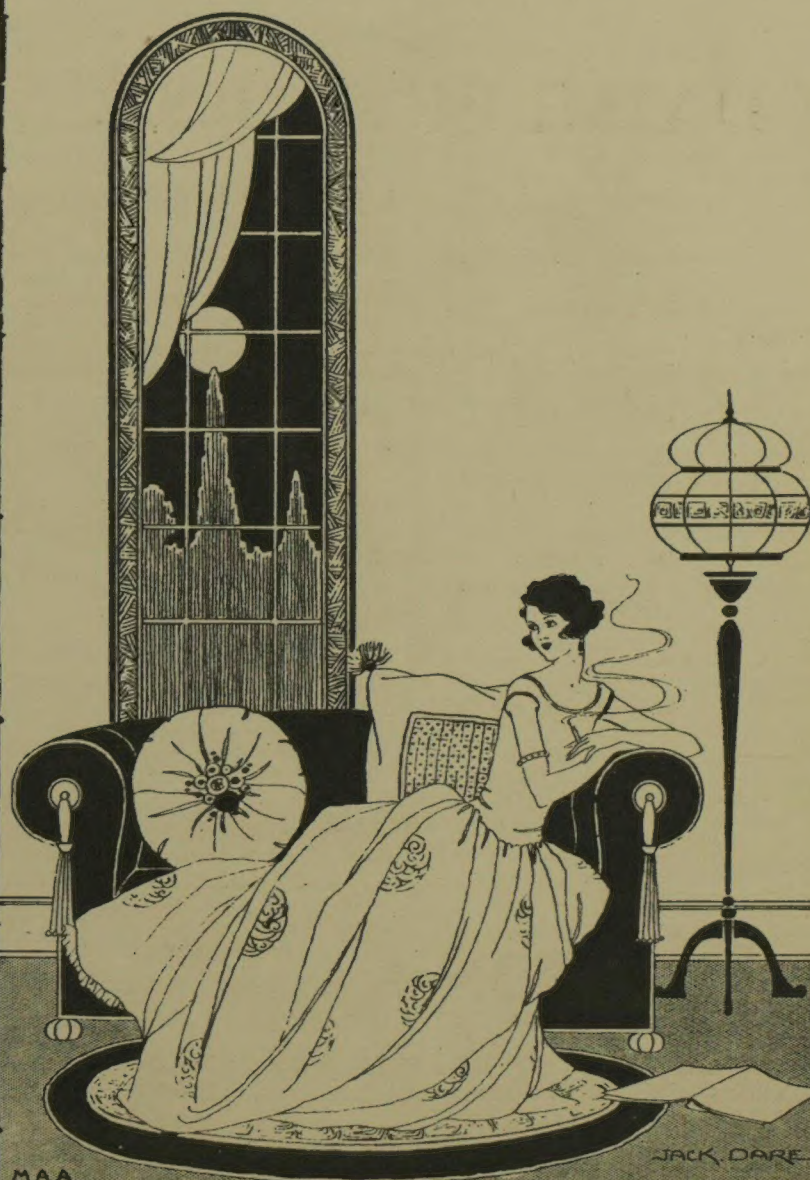
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M.A.A.

(Continued.)
to tackle such an apparently abstruse work as stripping down and renewing all the wiring. During the recent holidays I met at a golf club the owner of a car similar to mine who called me over to look at his dynamo, out of which smoke was pouring and which was far too hot to touch. He told me that he thought the charging rate was too high, but did not know whether that had anything to do with the heating of the machine. I started his engine, ran it up a little, and stopped it in a hurry. The ammeter needle ran right off the scale, showing that he was only charging at about twice the normal rate. Why all the fuses had not blown I could not understand until I learned that they had blown more than once, and had actually been replaced by copper wire! Fortunately, the dynamo was one in which there is a voltage regulator instead of a regulator brush, and I was able to put it right for him in a few minutes.—W. W.

BROADCASTS FROM AMERICA.

SPOKEN with a pleasant American accent, the words "—KA; KDKA; Station KDKA, East Pittsburgh—" will be well remembered by countless thousands of broadcast listeners who, in their homes in all parts of Great Britain on the evenings of December 28 and 29, heard American speech and music relayed from all British Broadcasting Stations. Experts of the British Broadcasting Company, in a hut situated on Biggin Hill Aerodrome, Kent, intercepted the radio waves from "KDKA," 3500 miles

away, on a receiving-set fitted with six valves for amplifying the weak radio waves, another valve for detecting them, and two valves for amplifying the



AMERICAN BROADCASTS RECEIVED IN GREAT BRITAIN:
THE RECEIVING EXPERTS AND APPARATUS AT BIGGIN HILL, KENT.—(Photograph by Central News.)

detected currents. The latter were conveyed by ordinary telephone lines to "2LO," the London Broadcasting Station, and there re-broadcast, not only from London, but simultaneously from all other stations, enabling a great audience to hear—even with crystal sets. On Saturday, December 29, listeners all over Great Britain had just heard the last strains of the Savoy Hotel Dance Band, and at 11.55 p.m. "2LO" announced that they would now "switch over" for the American transmission. A band was heard playing, but the sounds varied in strength owing to "fading." The American announcer then said that the Westinghouse Band would play a march, which, when heard, proved to be the tune "We Won't Go Home Till Morning"—familiar to most British listeners. Then followed a medley of popular selections, which included excerpts from "Aida," Schubert's "Serenade," "Tannhäuser," and the Finale from the "William Tell" overture. Other items of music which were heard clearly were the "Turkish Patrol" and a "Mexican Love Song." KDKA's announcer sent a special message to "English listeners," in regard to these Transatlantic experiments, every word being audible. Reception of the American transmission came to an abrupt conclusion during an address by a second voice, issuing from "Station KDKA." The American station transmitted on a wave-length of 100 metres, as earlier experiments conducted on its usual wave of 326 metres were unsuccessful for reception in Great Britain, due to interference by Morse code signals and "atmospherics."—S.



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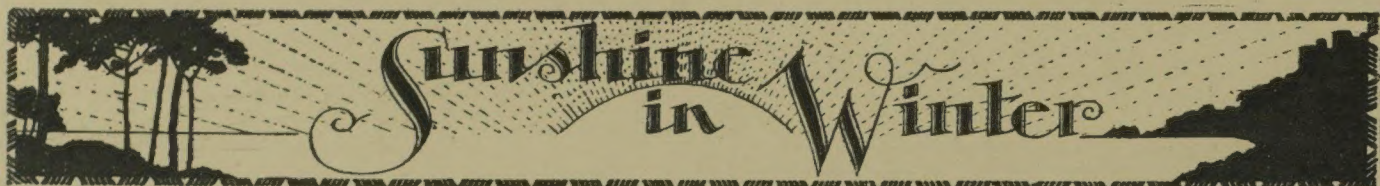
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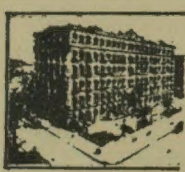


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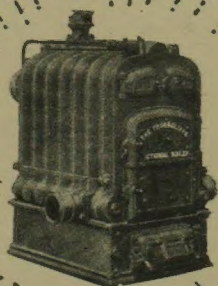
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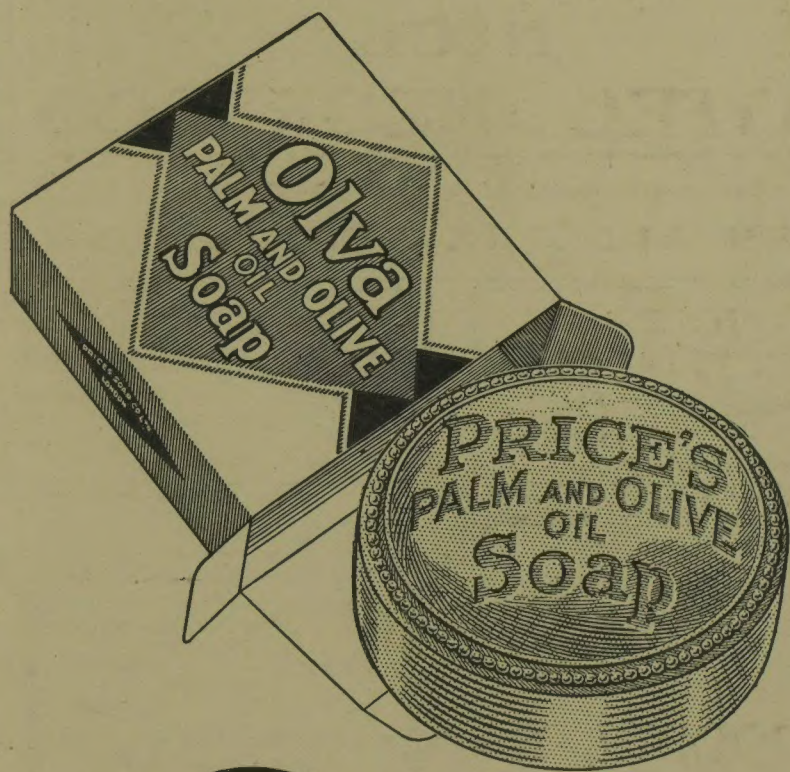
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